

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE CLOUD CONFINES.

The day is dark and the night
 To him that would search their heart;
 No lips of cloud that will part,
 Nor morning song in the light :
 Only, gazing alone,
 To him wild shadows are shown,
 Deep under deep unknown
 And height above unknown height.
 Still we say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
 Named new, we name it the old;
 Thereof some tale hath been told,
 But no word comes from the dead;
 Whether at all they be,
 Or whether as bond or free,
 Or whether they too were we,
 Or by what spell they have sped.
 Still we say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate
 That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
 Red strife from the furthest prime,
 And anguish of fierce debate;
 War that shatters her slain,
 And peace that grinds them as grain,
 And eyes fixed ever in vain
 On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
 Still we say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love
 That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
 Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
 Of fangs that mock them above;
 Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
 Thy hope that a breath dispels,
 Thy bitter forlorn farewells
 And the empty echoes thereof?
 Still we say as we go,—
 "Strange to think by the way,
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
 Aweary with all its winge;
 And oh! the song the sea sings
 Is dark everlastingly.
 Our past is clean forgot,
 Our present is and is not,
 Our future's a sealed seedplot,
 And what betwixt them are we?
 What word's to say as we go?
 What thought's to think by the way?
 What truth may there be to know,
 And shall we know it one day?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

ETTIE.

UNDER the boughs of the mighty cedar,
 Flitting across the sun-lit lawn,
 Restless and gay as a bird of summer,
 Buoyant and fresh as a fair spring dawn,
 Ever rippling the onward current
 Of daily life with a deepening joy,
 Laughs little Ettie, the household plaything—
 Ettie, our bonnie, our bright-faced boy!

Clutching up his favourite kitten
 In a reckless fashion, queer to see;
 Romping among the black-haired puppies,
 Hark! how he shouts with exultant glee.
 But if he deems that his dumb companions
 Are hurt by a harsh or an angry word,
 The small lips quiver and dark eyes glisten,
 By the depths of a tender pity stirred.

Passionate tempests of short-lived anger
 (May they be as brief in the coming years!)
 Flame in the midst of his fun and frolic,
 Suddenly quenched in repentant tears.
 A moment more, and the quick mood changes;
 With folded hands, and a serious look
 In his deep clear eyes, the tiny student
 Ponders over his picture-book.

Or he comes with a glance of arch entreaty,
 And quaint, sweet fragments of baby-speech;
 And we think we have lured him down to still-
 ness

By the gift of an apple or crimson peach
 But no! Away with a ceaseless patter
 The small feet go on the nursery floor;
 And a second after, the white frock glimmers
 Like a butterfly out through the open door.

So wane the hours, till the evening slumber
 Composes to rest each round white limb,
 And the curly head on the welcome pillow
 Peacefully sinks in the twilight dim.
 Oh, through the paths of the unseen future,
 In storm or in sunshine, grief or joy,
 Brave and pure, and loving-hearted,
 God keep our Ettie, our darling boy!

TWO HOMES.

*To a young English lady in a military Hospital at
 Karlsruhe. Sept. 1870.*

WHAT do the dark eyes of the dying find
 To waken dream or memory, seeing you?
 In your sweet eyes what other eyes are blue,
 And in your hair what gold hair on the wind
 Floats of the days gone almost out of mind?
 In deep green valleys of the Father-land
 He may remember girls with locks like thine;
 May guess how, when the waiting angels stand,
 Some lost love's eyes grow dim before they
 shine

With welcome:—so past homes, or homes to
 be,

He sees a moment, ere, a moment blind,
 He crosses Death's inhospitable sea,
 And with brief passage of those barren lands
 Comes to the home that is not made with hands.

A. L.

Macmillan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FRENCH CHILDREN.

THE present average duration of life in France is about thirty-eight years; the population amounts to thirty-eight millions; consequently, if we take fifteen as the age where childhood ends, there would appear to be about fifteen millions of children in France. This way of calculating is, of course, not absolutely exact, but it suffices to give an approximate idea on the subject; and, in the absence of any specific information in the census returns, it is the only one which can be applied.

Fifteen millions of children imply fifteen millions of different characters; for until education, example, and habit have levelled the infinitely-varied dispositions with which we come into the world, it cannot be said that any two of us are really alike. Under the influence of our "bringing up" we tend towards approximate uniformity, externally, at least; we learn to control our tempers, to guide our tongues, to subdue our caprices. But children are more natural: we see them almost as they are — the mass of them, that is; and so long as they have not been led under the common yoke by common teaching, they exhibit a variety of humours and fancies which we cease to find in their well-schooled elders. It is therefore impossible to lay down any general national type of character for children, especially as, in most cases, their habits of thought, their manners and their prejudices, are susceptible of entire modification if they are removed during childhood from one centre to another. It has been proved, by numerous examples, that a boy of ten, if he be transported to another land, may forget in three years his native language and his father's name; and though this example is excessive and exceptional, it proves, at all events, that with such plastic elements as children's minds, original tendencies may be totally effaced, and that the form of their development is but an accident depending mainly on the circumstances which surround them. Of course this in no way means that the real basis of character can be remodelled by outward leverage; all that is intended to be urged is, that the parts of young natures which depend for

their formation and consolidation on local and personal influences are liable to change with those influences, so long as time has not stamped them definitely and indelibly. And if this be true as a general principle; if the innumerable shades and tints of temperament which we observe in yet untrained minds are met with in every land; if, diversified as they are by nature, these minds are susceptible of endless other changes from the effect of the new contacts to which they may be successively exposed, — it follows that in a country so large as France, composed of so many different provinces, containing populations of varied origin and habits, we shall remark, even more than elsewhere, the endlessly-shifting phases of child-nature. But though France exhibits even less uniformity in the matter than is discoverable in other countries, it shows no excessive contradictions; and though the fifteen millions of little people that we are talking of possess fifteen millions of different little heads and hearts, the contrasts between them are, after all, not so vast as to prevent us from grouping them into a few classes.

At first sight it may seem needless, and indeed almost absurd, to say that the main distinction to establish between French children is to divide them into boys and girls; the difference of sex is, however, accompanied in France by such singular and such marked differences of character and natural tendencies, that it is difficult to lay too much stress on it; it is the essential basis of the subject. The French do not see it, at least it does not strike them with anything like the force with which it presents itself to foreign observers; and they are particularly surprised to be told that the radical demarcation which exists between their men and women asserts itself from the cradle, and that the special masculine and feminine peculiarities of their national temper are distinctly visible in their children. Excepting the United States, no country exhibits a divergence of ideas and objects between the sexes such as we recognize in France. Other nations show us a tolerable unity of ends and means between men and women; we find elsewhere ap-

proximately identical hopes and principles and springs of action. In America and in France we discover, on the contrary, that though husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, may live together in admirable harmony, they differ profoundly in their views of life and its duties, and in the systems which they employ to attain the form and degree of contentment which their individual needs may crave for. It is not going too far to say — though the question must be approached with infinite prudence, in order to avoid exaggeration — that the salient dispositions of the French man and the French woman drift in opposite directions. The sexes are held together by a common bond of interest and affection, but their tendencies are not the same; and they live, as a whole, in a chronic condition of disaccord on many of the main theories, obligations, and even pleasures of existence. The women stand, incontestably, far above the men. We need not look long or wide for a proof of this assertion: the attitude of the two sexes during the late war, and especially inside besieged Paris, supplies it with sufficient force. Of course all these observations are only general — there are plentiful exceptions; but it cannot be denied that the higher moral qualities — resolute attachment to duty, self-sacrificing devotion, unyielding maintenance of principle, and religious faith, which is the key to all the rest — are abundant amongst French women, and are relatively rare amongst French men. It is pleasanter to state the question in this negative form, to indicate the qualities which the men have not, than to define it positively and to determine the defects which they have; and it is scarcely necessary, for the purpose which we are pursuing, to be more precise in the comparison between grown-up people. Our inquiry is limited to children; and, provided we clearly recognize the main outlines of the distinctions which exist between their parents, that will suffice to enable us to verify the statement that those same distinctions are visible, of course in less vivid colours, amongst the little ones.

Every one will assent to the proposition that the most marked feature of the French is the development of their emo-

tional and sensational faculties. This development exists in both sexes, but is far more evident amongst the women than amongst the men; and it seems to acquire force with education, and to be most glaringly conspicuous in the highest classes. Repression of manifestations of feeling forms no part of French teaching; on the contrary, those manifestations are regarded as natural and permissible. We therefore find that French mothers rather encourage their children, and especially their daughters, never to conceal the impressions which may agitate them, providing always that those impressions are honest and real, and are not of a nature to shock either *convenances* or principles. It follows that the impulses of children remain unchecked, that they rush into light directly they are felt, and that the influence of mothers and of governesses is employed to guide such impulses to a faithful and graceful form of expression far more than to suppress or even control them in themselves. There is a vast deal to be said in favour of this system. It stimulates individuality, it fortifies the affections, it develops sensibility in all its varied forms. It has been applied for generations, and it has produced an hereditarily-acquired capacity of sentiment which, at this present time, is certainly greater than that possessed by any other nation. The range of this sentiment is most extensive. It applies to almost every position and almost every accident of life, to art, and even to science; but its full effect, its full consequences, are naturally observed in the tenderer sympathies, in the emotions, and in the gentler duties which fall particularly on women. There is, in most Frenchwomen, a gushingness, an unrestrained outpouring of inner self, which is reproduced in their daughters as abundantly as in themselves. Girls, from their very babyhood, live side by side with demonstrative mothers, who show and say what they think and feel with a natural frankness of which they are scarcely conscious. The children not only inherit this disposition, but are aided to develop it in their own little hearts by example, contact, and advice. They are born impulsive. They are shown how to be so; and they are told that, provided

impulse be well expressed, and be directed to worthy objects, it is a source of joy, of tenderness, and of charm. The English theory is rather contrary to this; but such matters are questions of race and of national habit. And furthermore, if we are honest, we shall own that keen susceptibility of emotion is infinitely attractive in a true woman. Young French girls have it to an astonishing extent, particularly in the upper ranks. Their heads and hearts live in the open air; their natures are all outside. They have no place where they can hide away a thought from their mother's sight; it must come out. It is easy to understand, even at a distance, how this simplifies the guidance of a child. Its merits and its defects come right into its mother's hand. She has not got to hunt for them, and to doubt whether she sees the truth; it glares at her in the hundred little acts and words of her expansive girl. The French child wears no mask.

And the direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married, and, at the worst, she is no farther off than the next room, with an open door between. Such unceasing neighbourhood brings about an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother, their essences get mixed; and hence it is that Frenchwomen exercise such singular power over their girls, and that the girls so generally become an exact reproduction of the mother under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood. Between the transparent frankness of the child's nature and the indefatigable proximity of the parent, we get the explanation of the regular transmission of those types of character which seem to remain unvaried in so many French families, and which may almost be said to belong to them as their names do. The same qualities and the same defects are reproduced from generation to generation amongst people of analogous position

living under similar influences and prejudices. When a wife comes in from another origin, she may perhaps introduce new elements; but if so, they get effaced, or at all events weakened, by the old traditions with which they have to contend; so that the main features of the house continue to be recognizable, and the child appropriates them herself, and hands them over again when she, in her turn, becomes a mother. This is, however, true only of the upper classes, where pride of race, and the supposed obligation to maintain preconceived notions, still exist with wonderful vigour. In the middle and lower stages of society no such religion can be found. There, the operation of modern levelling is seen in its fullest force; there, no ancestral theories compete with nineteenth-century tendencies; there, the modern woman and her modern child are fashioned as the modern man requires, but always, though in varying degrees, with emotional hearts and unchecked community of sympathies.

The general result is, that wherever we look throughout France, in chateaux and in cottages, in the "hotels" of Paris, and in workmen's lodgings, we see the girl children echoing their mothers, sometimes with absolute exactness, sometimes with merely approximate resemblance, but always with a sort of outbursting natural truth which is singularly winning, and which inspires very thorough confidence in the honesty of their hearts. Such a beginning indicates pretty clearly that the girls will grow into women capable of feeling in most of its best shapes; and though the tone of the society into which they may be thrown may deviate them from their first track, and may make them worthless instead of worthy, they will none the less retain their early readiness of sensation and their faculty of expressing it. If we look out of Paris, if we take the mass of the country population, we recognize that a very small minority of the girls grow up to abandon their first teaching; we see how difficult it is to eradicate the stamp which the mother puts upon her child; and we own that these Frenchwomen, according to their lights, know how to do their duty to their young.

Europe perhaps does not believe one word of this; Europe measures France by what it sees of it, by a few hundred Parisiennes who stand forward in flagrant radiance, and who damage their country in the eyes of the entire world for the satisfaction of their own vanity. Those women are not France; those women's children are not French children. The poor little creatures who are sent dressed up to the Tuileries Gardens to play in public their mothers' parts are what travellers see, and what they, not unnaturally, imagine to be the normal type; but the error is as great as to take coarse novels as the expression of national literature. Furthermore, it should be remembered that, for the last thirty years, Paris has become the home of a large number of foreigners with money, and that a good many of the girls who make a moralist mourn when he looks at them in the Champs Elysées do not belong to France at all. The nation has faults enough, in all conscience; but it is not fair either to attribute to it what it does not deserve, or to ascribe to the entire people the sins of a special few. If there be one undoubted, indisputable merit of a Frenchwoman, it is her devotion to her girls, and her resolute effort to keep them pure. The remarkable young person of ten that an Englishman contemplates with stupefaction under the chestnut-trees round the obelisk, and in whom he observes a variety of precocious defects, is no more a sample of real French children than a peacock is an ordinary specimen of birds, or the "*Vie Parisienne*" an example of everyday newspapers. She is a product of the period, an accident of the epoch; she is not the representative of her country. She may or may not be as impudent as Gavroche, as dictatorial as Napoleon, and as bumptious as Louis XIV.; that depends on her temperament and her mamma; but, whatever be the degree of her premature fastness, she is but a member of a little tainted flock—she is not France. We find real France elsewhere.

The other extreme exists, as it does all the world over. It includes the offspring of the terrifically strict people, of the intensely rigid mothers who tie up their girls in a preserve of ruthless piety, out of which the poor little things would fly away if they could. If there be any position in which a French child hides her real thoughts, it is in a few of those appalling houses where devotion attains the height of cruelty. Happily there are not many of them; but there are enough, particularly in country towns, to show us exam-

ples of saddened children who are taken to church four times each day, and who are forbidden to play because play distracts from prayer. This sort of teaching defeats its own end; reaction comes with liberty; and in cases of this class it is not unfrequent to see the whole impress of the mother's efforts fade, instead of assuming a durable and lasting form, as is the rule in France.

Between these two exceptions—between the pert, pretentious, half-vicious little damsel that Paris often shows us, and the cheerless, over-prayer-booked, laughter-dreading victims at the other end of the scale—lie the real girls of France. Naturally we find in them all the shades of character which lie between the limits of utter worldliness and total piety; and we shall recognize that, however true it be that the parent's influence is extraordinarily powerful in France, it in no way suffices even to unify the natures of children of the same mother, still less to reduce to any general type the fifteen millions of temperaments before us. The persistence of individuality in the child is especially remarkable, when we take into account the fact that most French children live entirely with their families; that they not only, as has been already said, sleep in their mother's room, but that they pass the day with her, take all their meals with her, are not sent into a nursery (there are no nurseries in France), are not left to the care of servants, and that they participate almost completely in the life of the grown-up people round them. The consequence is that the French girl leads pretty much the same existence as her mother: she does not pay formal visits with her, or go to balls or theatres, but as, indoors, she scarcely leaves her mother's side, she thinks and feels with her, she chatters with her visitors, she is in permanent contact with men and women, and is not limited to society of her own age. Yet she remains herself: her personality is not effaced by what she sees and hears. This maintenance of self makes French children very attractive to study; one is sure to find peculiarities in each of them, and those peculiarities come out and show themselves without reserve or hindrance, pushed forward as they are by impulsiveness. If, however, they involved radical differences, it would be impossible to attempt any classification of character: they do not go so far as that; they only indicate subtle shades and delicate tints, and in no way imply fundamental distinctions.

We may therefore, without stopping at

the sub-varieties, roughly divide the girls of France pretty much as girls are divided all the world over: there are the religious and the irreligious, the intelligent and the stupid, the affected and the natural, the self-sacrificing and the selfish. In indicating these main categories, it must at once be added that the majority of the children like the majority of the women, belong to the four good classes. There are more religious, intelligent, natural, unselfish children than the contrary. Prejudice is no guide to truth; and though there are a good many foreign lookers-on who are quite convinced that most French women are selfish coquettes, living mainly to amuse themselves and to satisfy their vanity, that impression is radically false. There are such women in what seems to be abundance, particularly in Paris; but in reality they constitute a feeble minority, and they only appear to be numerous because the very nature of their defects leads them to publicly expose those defects. They need excitement and admiration, and they ask for both. The few foreigners who really go into French society see specimens of such women at dinners and at balls, hear the noise they make, scarcely notice their quieter companions, and carry away the notion that everybody is alike. This is an enormous error. For one woman who goes to balls, there are, in all France, fifty who stop at home, out of sight and out of reach. Those are the women who constitute the nation — those are the women who rear French girls: it is upon them that opinion should be based, and not upon the exceptional Parisienne, who is so generally accepted as the type of France. It is, nevertheless, incontestable that this latter model has become somewhat multiplied during the last twenty years, and that recent habits of extravagance and luxury have sorely damaged the part of the rising generation which has been exposed to them; but here, again, the truth is that the number of rowdy women who grew into existence under the Empire was, relatively, very limited, and that their influence has been far less extensive than is supposed outside France. An infinitely large proportion of the educated population shrank from the contact of that new product — the fast woman: the evil consequences of her apparition will therefore be limited to her own offspring, and will not be transmitted to the children of others. Furthermore, a reaction against her seems to have seriously set in since the war, and she herself is probably condemned to disappear; if so,

her action on her girls may perhaps be counteracted by the new atmosphere which those girls will breathe when they become women. At the worst, we may be sure that she will recruit no new followers now, and that the evil she has already done will extend no further.

After all, it is but natural that the mass of European women should be good. Their tendency, without distinction of nationality, is towards duty, faith, and gentleness. The French are only like the others, excepting that the manifestation of their feelings, good or bad, assumes a more demonstrative form. Their girls follow the same rule; and, notwithstanding the infinite variety of their individual peculiarities, they present as a whole, the same natural dispositions towards virtue and simplicity. But where French home life puts on a character of its own, which distinguishes it from that of most other countries, and especially from England, is in the astonishing power which certain children exercise over their parents — a power almost as great as that which the parents themselves ought to possess over their children. In certain exaggerated cases, which, indeed, are by no means rare, the child is her mother's mistress; she becomes a tyrant, and enforces her will with a pitiless vigour before which the mother quails. The reason is, that the art of spoiling reaches a development in France which is unknown elsewhere, and that maternal affection not unfrequently descends to folly and imbecility. When this occurs, there is an end of all control and guidance on the mother's side, and of all obedience in the child. If good qualities persist in a young heart under such conditions, they must indeed be firmly rooted. In what other country than France would a mother permit her child to get upon the table, in the presence of two strangers, and to blow the lamp and candles out in the middle of dinner? And where else would such a history as the following be possible? At a dinner-party of twenty people, two guests, man and wife, did not appear at the appointed hour; after wondering and waiting, the mistress of the house commenced her banquet. At ten o'clock in walked the absentees, looking somewhat foolish, but candidly confessing the motive of their absence as if it were quite natural. Their child, a girl of three, had been put to bed just as they were starting for the dinner; but when they went to fondly wish it good-night, the child said, "Mamma, I won't let you go out." The mother argued, but in vain. The

child would not give way. The father came and tried his eloquence, with no better success. Then the small creature, seeing her advantage, increased her demands; not only did she insist that neither father nor mother should leave the house, but called upon them to immediately undress and go to bed. They faintly resisted; the baby grew imperious, and threatened to cry forthwith. That beat them, as the mother deprecatingly observed to her astounded listeners. "Of course when the sweet child told us she was going to cry we were forced to yield; it would have been monstrous to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we both took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, re-dressed and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late."

These two examples are literally true, and there may be others of equal force. They show that excess of parental adoration may produce idiotcy; but it is scarcely necessary to say that they are grotesque exceptions. They are worth mentioning as illustrating a curious French form of madness; but they are valueless as proofs of a condition of society. The reality is all the other way. French girls, as a whole, are singularly docile; most of them obey for the best of all possible reasons—because they love. They live in such unceasing intimacy with their father and mother, that the tie between them indisputably grows stronger than in other lands where there is less constant community of heart and thought. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point out the numerous examples which are to be found in France of three generations lodging together—the old people, their children, and their grandchildren, all united and harmonious. The fact is—and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary—that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France. What we call "united families" are the rule there, and the unity goes far beyond our usual interpretation of the word. It means not only affection and mutual devotion, but it affects the instincts of the nation to such a point that colonizing, and even, to a certain degree, foreign travel, are rendered impossible by it. Neither sons nor daughters will consent to leave their parents; the shortest absence is regarded as a calamity; and the population, as a whole, shrinks from expatriation, not because it is unfit to create new positions for itself (on

the contrary, its adaptability is notorious), but because it cannot face a rupture of habits and attachments which date from childhood. With such feelings inculcated in them from their babyhood, it is but natural that most French girls should do exactly as they are told. They acquire mastery over their parents only in cases where their mothers are weak enough to let them do it. In almost every instance they occupy a position in the home life of France which is far beyond that accorded to children in other lands; but, putting aside the exceptional examples, they do not abuse the power which their position gives them; they remain natural, tender, and emotional, and they do not revolt or seek to usurp command.

The advantages of the system of bringing up girls in constant contact with their mothers are numerous and real. They may perhaps acquire somewhat less pure book-knowledge than if they were sent to school, but they acquire what is generally more useful to them in after-life,—the faculty of conversation, habit of their own language, manners, tact, and even experience of human nature. The French girl learns how to be a woman from her very cradle, and this must certainly be admitted to offer a large compensation for want of discipline and of the habit of application. Children who are brought up in schools and convents may acquire more passive obedience, more knowledge of history and of literature; but when they enter life they are less well prepared for it than other girls who have already studied its details for twenty years at home. All this, however, is general, not absolute. After all, no principles apply to every case, especially when all the varieties of human nature have to be taken into account. There are plenty of girls brought up at home who in no way profit by the advantages at their disposal; there are many others who, fresh from school, instantly take their places as wives and mothers, and take it well. The rule is in favour of the former, but the exceptions amongst the latter are abundant enough to entitle them to serious notice. Those exceptions are the result of personal aptitudes, suddenly fortified by new influences, and developed by the imitative capacities so universal amongst the French. Still, the child who has never left her mother is, theoretically, the fitter of the two to immediately discharge her duties and fill her place in life. She has kept the house, ordered dinner, and probably cooked sometimes herself; she is accustomed to receive her

mother's visitors; she can talk and curtsey (two tests of a real woman of the world); her proclivities towards art, if she has any, have been nursed and strengthened by example and advice; she has had full opportunity to acquire taste and charm, and to learn how to employ both; — and with all these earthly merits, she has probably lost nothing of the more solid virtues which were taught her as a child. She has passed through that grave moment of her existence, her First Communion, and she must be bad indeed if its impress does not rest on her. Who can look on at that touching sight and not feel that the performers in it are marking an epoch in their lives? From it dates, in many a girl, the formation of her character, the consolidation of her faith, the frank acceptance of her duties and her pains. It goes home to every heart; its memory rests; old women talk of it as "*le grand jour de ma vie*." The night before it the child kneels down and asks her father and her mother to pardon all her faults; then she goes gravely through the house and begs the same forgiveness from all its other inmates. When the morning comes, she goes, in white all over, shrouded in a long muslin veil, to join her comrades at the church; they, like herself, have been preparing themselves by two years of special instruction at the public Catechism for the great day which had come at last. Then, amidst the roll of music and all the pomp of ceremony, two columns of young children march slowly down the aisle and kneel, right and left, boys on one side, girls on the other, until they have filled the nave. The church seems to be half choked with snow as the white sea of veils spreads over it. And when the moment comes and the children advance slowly to the altar, there is not a dry eye round. Each father and each mother watches eagerly for its own; and, afterwards, if death should take them while still young, that is the instant of their lives which is best and most tearfully remembered. If the spectacle can unnerve men and make women sob, what must be its effect on the child herself? Putting the moral influence aside, what must be the work wrought out in little hearts by so tremendous a sensation? The mere intensity of prayer, at such a moment, provokes new ardent feelings; a vista of joy, and love, and resolute good intentions opens out. If there be purity and adoration on earth, if ever human nature faintly grows like angel nature, it must be at a First Communion.

But while the whole system of girl edu-

cation in France tends to the development of the more feminine faculties, while it excites the emotional side of nature and of duty, while it stimulates charm, while it brightens family life by the position which it assigns to girls and by the fitness which it rouses in them for that position, it may be asked if it is not accompanied by the inconveniences and disadvantages of eager imaginations and aspirations, by the indolence which sentiment so often provokes, by unfitness for the practical work of everyday? The answer may, in all truth, be negative. As a rule, Frenchwomen are sensational, but not sentimental — excitable, but good-tempered, active, and laborious. Their defects lie rather in want of order; in that contempt for new experience which so often results from strong early prejudices; in the need for excitement, or, more exactly, for distraction. These dispositions may often be detected in the children. Most of them are disorderly; they throw their toys and books about; fling their dresses on the floor where they take them off; leave the doors open behind them wherever they pass; lie in bed late in the morning; and seem unable to form the habit of doing the same thing at the same hour every day. In schools these faults are of course corrected, but in after-life they spring up again; and, with rare exceptions, all Frenchwomen whether brought up in convents or at home, are equally dishevelled in their indoor habits. A certain quantity of disorder appears to be a necessity of their nature. Indeed, a good many of the better sort of them argue against too much order, as being a sign of a cold heart and of a soul incapable of feeling art. There is some reason in this view of the case, but its influence on the education of young children is necessarily bad; for though it may be wise, when we have grown old enough to judge, not to attach too much importance to strict regularity in all our daily acts, it is evident that girls, so long as they are girls, ought to be taught that regularity and order are necessary virtues about which they have no more choice than they have between truth and lies. The child hesitates because she sees her mother do so; she imitates, consciously or unconsciously, in this as in nearly every thing else. In the one point of seeking for distraction the child does not imitate; she does not need excitement yet, and therefore does not comprehend that it has to be pursued. Her lessons and her doll suffice, and they suffice till she is almost a woman; for it

should be observed that French girls generally remain children very late. They seem to be exposed to hothouse training, and to be forced on to premature young-ladyhood; but that view of them is an illusion. In no country do girls continue young so long; and that result becomes quite comprehensible when we reflect that though the child is frequently with grown-up people, and so acquires an ease of manner above her age, she is always with a fondling mother, who treats her as a baby because in her eyes she always is so. The mother's influence being stronger than that of strangers, the child remains a child until necessity obliges her to become a woman.

The average result of girl-making in France is to produce a somewhat ignorant, very prejudiced, charming young woman, susceptible of strong emotion and strong love, curious to see for herself what life is, anxious to please and to win admiration and affection, but controlled, in nine cases out of ten, by deeply-rooted religious faith and a profound conviction of duty. If we admit that the great function of women is to create joy around us, to gild our lives, and to teach their children to do the same, then we shall recognize that the French system attains its end. But if we insist that a mother has a nobler task than that—if we assert that her highest duty is to make her son a man—then we shall be forced to own that French mothers do not achieve their task.

Let us turn to the boys.

Wholesale definitions are not applicable to character. Description of human nature needs so many reservations, so many subtleties, so much and such varied shading, that it is impossible to bring it into a sentence or a word. It would therefore be, in principle, absurd as well as unjust to say that all French boys are sneaks; but so many of them are so, in the purest meaning of that abominable designation, that the most ardent friends of France are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the fact, and to own that the mass of the youngsters across the Channel come out frightfully badly when they are judged by our notions of what boys ought to be. It is not easy to determine how far their meanness of nature is inherited, and how far it is a consequence of education; but it is unmistakably evident that an immense part of it is produced by the defective teaching under which they live. The only boys in France who, as a rule, realize our notions of pluck, and manliness, and honour, are the children of coun-

try gentlemen (of whom there are few enough), brought up to ride and shoot, to live out of doors, and to behave like men. The immense majority are indisputably little curs, funky, tale-tellers and nasty. How can such boys ever grow into brave men? and yet they do, a good many of them at least. Their defects cannot be attributed to the direct influence of their parents; for whereas most of the girls, in families of decent position, are brought up at home, the boys, almost without exception, are sent to school. It is at school, it is from each other seemingly, that they pick up the sneaking little notions which are so universal amongst them. They make faces at each other, they kick a little, they slap; but as for real hitting—as for defending a point of honour—as for hard, rough games, where force and skill are needed.—who ever heard of such things in France? At school they are taught book-work, at home they are taught affection. They may become learned, and they do become affectionate; but, positively, they do not become what we mean by manly. The whole life of France is different from that of England. Wealth is distributed there with relative equality; there are few large fortunes; the families who can enable their sons to hunt are rare. Boys are brought up almost exclusively for professions, trade, or Government clerkships, with the prospect of having to live their lives out with insufficient incomes, and without ever tasting pleasures which cost money. The training which our boys need to fit them for the generally energetic occupations or pastimes of their after-life is unnecessary and unknown. We can pay for travel and for horses, for cricket, golf, and football, all which means money and leisure time. The French have neither; at least the exceptions are so few that they represent nothing in the mass. So, not wanting the preparation which makes men hard, and straight, and ready, they do not get it. Their education is intended to fit them for something else; and that something, whatever be its merits, appears to us to reach a lower standard than our own. And, furthermore, the French boy does not even attain the object of the education which he gets. He is particularly taught two things, by his mother at least—to love, and to believe in God. He learns one of them, almost always, but he rarely learns the other. He remains, as a man, faithfully and profoundly attached to his parents and relations; but the religious faith, which was so carefully instilled into him, generally fades at his

first contact with the world, and with it goes a goodly part of the other principles which were simultaneously set before him. In discussing the causes of the defeat of France, Europe has not attached sufficient importance to the effect produced by the education of the boys, to the utter want of stubborn pluck which characterizes it, and to the facility with which the higher moral teachings disappear when manhood comes. Here we seem to see that women do not suffice to make men. There have been, in history, some few examples of the contrary — the Gracchi, Constantine, St. Louis, were essentially their mother's work; but, in modern France, something more is wanted than a modern mother's love can give. The French woman of our day can make good girls into charming women, and good women too; but it looks as if she could not get beyond that relatively inferior result, and as if she were as unable as the schoolmasters to whom she confides her boy to lift that boy into a thorough man. In the higher classes, where tradition still exists, and where money is comparatively less important than in the middle and lower stages of society, we see models of gallant gentlemen; but they are not numerous. In the late war the great names of France were everywhere on the lists of killed and wounded; but despite the example set by Luynes and Chevreuse, Mortemart and Tremouille, and a thousand other volunteers like them, France did not follow. Can we suppose from this that good blood replaces teaching? It looks almost like it, and yet it seems absurd to seriously put forward such an argument in these utilitarian days. The French, however, say themselves that "*bon sang ne peut mentir*;" and it may be that, in this particular point, they clearly recognize the truth as regards themselves. Anyhow, whatever be the influence of hereditary action in forming men, it can scarcely be denied that, be it money or be it race, it is in the upper ranks alone that, as a rule, character assumes a vigorous shape in France.

The boys are girlish — at least no other adjective so correctly expresses their peculiar disposition. The word is not quite true, however, for the boys have defects which the girls have not. The latter are frank and straightforward; the former are not only feminine, they are something more and something worse. It is disagreeable to revert to the same word; but as the thing expressed is rare in England, one word has been found sufficient to express it, so we must perforce say "sneak"

once more. And here is the great distinction between boys and girls which was alluded to at the commencement of this article. The girls from their earliest childhood give promise that they will turn out well, and will grow into what women should be everywhere, with an additional and special charm peculiar to themselves. The boys, on the contrary, are little-minded, pettifogging, and positively cowardly, as we understand cowardice in a boy. Until they can be changed, radically changed, there will be small hope of seeing France take her place once more amongst the nations. She will pay her debts, she may grow rich again; but so long as her boys are not taught pluck, and honesty, and frankness, they will never grow into men capable of feeling and discharging the higher duties. Many of them may bud into surprisingly better form than their youth indicates as possible — we see that already; but such cases are not the rule; and want of religious faith, of political conviction, of resolute will, of devotion to a cause, will continue to mournfully distinguish the population of France so long as its boys continue to be sneaks.

Many of them, however, are agreeable enough to chatter with. They generally have good manners (they beat us there); they are almost always tender-hearted and loving — they are even tolerably obedient; and, judging solely from the outside, it might be imagined that they promise well. They are devoted sons and faithful brothers; they work hard at books; while they are little, they say their prayers; but there is no stuff in them. Discipline makes them brave if they should become soldiers; honour and tradition do the same for the better born amongst them; but it is wonderful that such boys should have any latent courage at all, for their whole early teaching seems to us to be invented on purpose to drive it out. They are forbidden to fight, and scarcely ever get beyond scratching.

Now, is all this a consequence of innate defects of character, or is it simply brought about by the vile system pursued in French schools? Many a French mother will tell her boy always to return a blow, but somehow he does not. Whose fault is that? If the mother feels instinctively that self-defence should be inculcated as one of the elements of education — if, as is sometimes the case, the father supports the same view — it is strange that, considering the enormous influence of French parents over their children, they should fail to produce the result which they desire.

The reason is that the collective power of all the boys in school is greater than that of any one boy; so that, if that one should act on parental advice and should hit another between the eyes, all the others will tell the master, and the offender will be punished as a danger to society and a corrupter of good morals—good morals consisting in making faces, putting tongues out, and kicking your neighbours' legs under the tables. A Swedish boy at a *pension* in Paris was called a liar by an usher sixteen years old: the youngster went straight at him, got home his right on his teeth and his left behind his ear, and then asked if he would have any more; whereupon the thirty-seven other boys in the room rushed together at the Swede, rolled him on the floor and stretched themselves upon his body as if he were a rattlesnake in a box. When the poor fellow was got out, his nose was flattened and his arm broken. Those thirty-seven boys were quite proud about it, and were ready to begin again. They had not a notion that thirty-seven to one was unfair; and as for saying, "Well done, little one! hit straighter,"—so fantastic an idea could not enter their brains. If the Swede had made scornful mimeries at the usher behind his back, or called him by a variety of uncivil titles when he was out of hearing, the others would have vehemently applauded; but going in at him in front was not the solution French boys like, so they scotched the Swede.

No social merits can make up for such a lack of fair-play and courage. A boy may sing cleverly and paint in water-colours; he may talk four languages (which none of them do), and love his dear mamma; he may polish mussel-shells for his sisters, and catch shrimps at the seaside,—those polite acquirements will not make him a good fellow; and though the French boy takes refuge in such diversions, he is none the greater for it: they don't help to make him into a man. He is pretty nearly as expansive and as demonstrative as the girls; he has an abundant heart; he is natty at small things; but he cries too easily, and thinks tears are natural for boys. No one tells him that emotions which are attractive in women become ridiculous in men; so he grows up in them, and retains, when his beard comes, all the sensibility of his boyhood.

And yet there is no denying that, like his sisters, he contributes wonderfully to the brightness of home. His intelligence is delicate and artistic; his capacity of loving is enormous; he possesses many

of the sweeter qualities of human nature; and, provided he is not tested by purely masculine measures, he often seems to be a very charming little fellow. Children of both sexes constitute so essential and intimate a part of indoor life in France, that they naturally and unconsciously strive to strengthen and develop indoor merits; and it is fair to call attention to the fact, that when the subject of education is discussed, French parents always urge that the object of all teaching being to fit the young for the particular career which they have to follow, their boys ought necessarily to be prepared for social and family duties rather than for the rougher and harder tasks which other nations love. But, however true this argument may seem at first sight, it is, after all, specious and unworthy. The end proposed in France is not a high one; and we have just seen how the acceptance and practice of a low standard of moral education has broken down the people as a whole, and has rendered them incapable of discipline, of order, and of conviction. Their conduct during the last sixteen months has been composed of fretful excitement, alternating with petulant prostration. Excepting the gallant few who have nobly done their duty during and since the war, they have acted like a set of their own schoolboys, who don't know how to give a licking, and still less know how to take one. Who can doubt, amongst the lookers-on at least, not only that France would have made a better fight, but would, still more, have presented a nobler and more honourable attitude in defeat, if this generation had been brought up from its infancy in the practice of personal pluck, and of solid principles and solid convictions? Who can pretend to define the principles and convictions which rule France to-day? Are there any at all? When, therefore, we hear it urged that French boys are educated for the part which they are destined to play in life, we are justified in replying, that their fitness for that destiny appears to us to unfit them for any other; and that, though they may become charming companions, brilliant talkers, loving husbands, and tender fathers, full of warm sensations, and flowing emotions, they have distinctly proved themselves to be utterly incapable of growing into wise citizens or wise men.

What is the use of turning round upon the Empire, and of piling abuse upon Napoleon III. as the cause of the shame of France? all that is but an accident, a mere detail in the whole. If France were

but beaten in battle, she would be all right again within two years, for her material elasticity is prodigious, and her recuperative power almost unlimited. But her malady is graver than defeat—it is in the very heart-blood of her people. They have gone in for money-making, and for easy pleasurable existence with small expense. They have been pursuing little things and little ends, and they have grown incapable of big ones. They have suddenly been overwhelmed by a staggering disaster, and they can neither face it coolly nor deal with it practically. Two generations of vitiated education have led them unknowingly to this. The late Emperor confirmed the debasing system, but he did not originate it. It came in with Louis Philippe, if not with Charles X. If France is content to produce agreeable men and charming women, to show Europe how to talk and dress, and to set up science and art as the objects of her public life, then she can go on as she is, without a change: but if she wants to seize her place once more as a great political power; if she wishes to regain the respect and esteem of the world, instead of asking only for its sympathy; if she desires to reign, and not to amuse and please,—then she must begin by remodelling the whole education of her boys. There is no reason why her home life should be affected by such a change: it would not necessarily become graver or less lightsome; there would not be less laughter or less love; the boys need not lose their present merits because they would acquire new ones.

If so radical a modification in the whole tendencies and habits of the nation can be brought about at all, it is far more likely to be effected by the women than by the men. Frenchwomen, as has been already observed, are generally capable of noble action; they are singularly unselfish; and, despite their sensibility, they would not rest content with their present highly-strained adoration of the gentler elements of character, if ever they could be led to see that something higher could be added to it in their sons. It is to them, to their aid, that the true friends of France should appeal. They cannot themselves upset the unworthy schools where their boys are now taught how not to become real men; but they can so agitate the question that their husbands will be forced to take it up and deal with it. The influence of women need not be purely social and moral: in moments of national crisis it ought to be exercised for other ends; and in the particular case before us, where the heart is

interested quite as much as the head, French mothers might perhaps jump at the new sensation which they would experience by setting the example, as far as in them lay, of a change in the existing forms of example and teaching. Frenchwomen of our generation are not, however, Roman matrons. They attach a vastly higher price to the conservation of home joys, as they view them, than to the salvation of the State. The latter, according to their appreciation, concerns the Government. Centralization has suffocated patriotism, in the real meaning of the word. Mothers strive to make good sons, not to make good citizens or solid men. The affections are placed upon an altar in France: all that can contribute to their development and their display is sought for not only eagerly, but naturally; all that can strengthen and adorn their manifestation is carefully watched and practised—so much so, indeed, that notwithstanding the indisputable sincerity of family attachments in France, there almost seems to be a certain amount of acting in the way in which they are exhibited. Emotions may be said to have become the object of existence; and emotions imply so much external exposition, especially where they are unchecked, that whether their direction be tragic or comic, they often assume a somewhat theatrical character, which may induce the erroneous impression that they are put on more than they are really felt. If this powerful leverage could be applied for a healthy purpose; if, by a reaction consequent upon bitter experience, it could be set to work to elevate principles to the rank of sensations; if thereby pure duty could be raised to a par with love, and manly self-devotion to an equality with tenderness,—then we might hope to see France rally. There seems to be no other way out of the mess into which she has fallen: the first step towards a solution must be made by the mothers.

If we turn from these considerations to the purely home aspect of the question, we must acknowledge that it presents a very different picture. On that side of the subject nearly everything is pleasant and attractive. The French get out of their home ties pretty nearly all that home can give; and if they do not attain perfection the fault does not lie with them, or with their system, but in the impossibility of making anything complete by human means. The importance assigned to children, their early and constant intermingling with their parents' daily existence, the rapid growth in them of the

qualities which repay and consequently stimulate affection, — all this is practical as well as charming. Boys and girls alike are taught that home is a nest in which they are cherished, and which all its inmates are bound to adorn to the best of their ability; and if we could forget that all this enfeebles men, and renders them unfit for the outside struggle, we might, not unjustly, say that the French plan is the right one. But we cannot forget; the facts and the results glare at us too distinctly. We can acknowledge, if our individual prejudices enable us to do so, that the system looks excellent for girls; but we must maintain our conviction that it is deplorable for boys, and that to it must be assigned a large part of the responsibility of the past disasters and present disorder of France.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE SEVEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND WHO VOTED "YES."

IV.

THE day following this declaration, Cousin George, who could never look upon anything cheerfully started for Belfort. He had ordered some wine at Dijon, and he wished to stop it from coming. It was the 22nd July — George only returned five days after, on the 27th, having had the greatest difficulty in getting there in time.

During these five days I had a hard time. Orders were coming every hour to hurry on the reserves and the Gardes Mobiles, and to cancel renewable furloughs; the gendarmes had no rest. The Government gazette told us of the enthusiasm of the nation for the war — it was pitiable; cannot you imagine young men sitting quietly at home, thinking: "In five or six months I shall be exempt from service, I may marry, settle, earn money;" and who, without either rhyme or reason, all at once become enthusiastic to go and knock over men they know nothing of, and to risk their own bones against them. Is there a shadow of good sense in such notions?

And the Germans! Will any one persuade us that they came for their own pleasure, all these thousands of workmen, tradesmen, manufacturers, good citizens, who were living in peace in their towns

and their villages? Will any one maintain that they came and drew up in lines facing our guns for their private satisfaction, with an officer behind them, pistol in hand, to shoot them in the back if they gave way? Do you suppose they found any amusement in this? Come now, was not his excellency Monsieur Ollivier the only man who went into war, as he himself said, "with a light heart?" He was safe to come back, he was — he had not much to fear; he is quite well; he made a fortune in a very short time! But the lads of our neighborhood, Mathias, Heitz, Jean Baptiste Werner, my son Jacob, and hundreds of others, were in no such hurry — they would much rather have stayed in their villages.

Later on it was another matter, when you were fighting for your country; then, of course, many went off as a matter of duty, without being summoned, whilst Monsieur Ollivier and his friends were hiding. God knows where! But at that particular moment, when all our misfortunes might have been averted, it is a falsehood to say that we went enthusiastically to have ourselves cut to pieces for a pack of intriguers and stage-players, whom we were just beginning to find out.

When we saw our son Jacob, in his blouse, his bundle under his arm, come into the mill, saying, "Now, father, I am going; you must not forget to pull up the dam in half-an-hour — for the water will be up:" when he said this to me, I tell you my heart trembled; the cries of his mother in the room behind made my hair stand on end; I could have wished to say a few words, to cheer up the lad, but my tongue refused to move; and if I had held his excellency, M. Ollivier or his respected master by the throat in the corner, they would have made a queer figure — I should have strangled them in a moment! At last Jacob went.

All the young men of Sarrebourg, of Château Salins, and our neighbourhood, fifteen or sixteen hundred in number, were at Phalsbourg to relieve the 84th, who at any moment might expect to be called away, and who were complaining of their colonel for not claiming the foremost rank for his regiment. The officers were afraid of arriving too late; they wanted promotion, crosses, medals; fighting was their trade.

What I have said upon enthusiasm is true — it is equally true of the Germans and the French; they had no desire to exterminate one another. Bismarck and our honest man alone are responsible; at their

door lies all the blood that has been shed.

Cousin George returned from Belfort on the 27th in the evening. I fancy I still see him entering our room at nightfall; Grédel had returned to us the day before, and we were at supper, with the tin lamp upon the table; from my place, on the right, near the window, I was able to watch the mill-dam. George arrived.

"Ah! cousin, here you are back again! Did you get on all right?"

"Yes, I have nothing to complain of," said he, taking a chair. "I arrived just in time to countermand my order, but it was only by good luck. What confusion all the way from Belfort to Strasbourg! the troops, the recruits, the guns, the horses, the munitions of war, the barrels of biscuits, all are arriving at the railway in heaps. You would not know the country. Orders are asked for everywhere. The telegraph-wires are no longer for private use. The commissaries don't know where to find their stores, colonels are looking for their regiments, generals for their brigades and divisions. They are seeking for salt, sugar, coffee, bacon, meat, saddles and bridles—and they are getting charts of the Baltic for a campaign in the Vosges! Oh!" cried my cousin, uplifting his hands, "is it possible? Have we come to that—we! we! Now it will be seen how expensive is a government of thieves! I warn you, Christian, it will be a failure! Perhaps there will not even be found rifles in the arsenals after the hundreds of millions voted to get rifles. You will see—you will see!"

He had begun to stride to and fro excitedly; and we, sitting on our chairs, were looking at him open-mouthed, staring first right and then left. His anger rose higher and higher, and he said, "Here is the genius of our honest man! He conducts everything; he is our Commander-in-Chief. A retired artillery captain, with whom I travelled from Schlestadt to Strasbourg, told me that in consequence of the bad organization of our force, we should be unable to place more than two hundred and fifty thousand men in line along our frontier from Luxembourg to Switzerland; and that the Germans, with their superior and long-prepared organization, could oppose to us, in eight days, a force of five to six hundred thousand men, so that they will be more than two to one at the outset; and they will crush us in spite of the valour of our men. This old officer, full of good sense, and who has travelled in Germany, told me besides that the artillery

of the Prussians carries further and is worked more rapidly than ours, which would enable the Germans to dismount our batteries and our mitrailleuses without getting any harm themselves. It seems that our great man never thought of that."

Then George began to laugh, and, as we said nothing, he went on: "And the enemy—the Prussians, Bavarians, Badenians, Wurtembergers, the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* declares that they are coming by regiments and divisions from Frankfort and Munich to Rastadt, with guns, munitions, and provisions in abundance; that all the country swarms with them from Karlsruhe to Baden; that they have blown up the bridge of Kehl, to prevent us from outflanking them; that there are not troops enough at Wissembourg. But what is the use of complaining? Our commander-in-chief knows better than the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*; he is an iron-clad fellow, who takes no advice: a man must have some courage to offer him advice!"

And all at once, stopping short, "Christian, I have come to give you advice."

"What?"

"Hide all the money you have got; for, from what I have seen down there, in a few days the enemy will be in Alsace."

Imagine my astonishment at hearing these words. George was not the man to joke about serious matters, nor was he a timid man; on the contrary, you would have to go far to find a braver man. Therefore, fancy my wife's and Grédel's alarm.

"What, George," said I, "do you think that possible?"

"Listen to me," said he. "When on the one side you see none but empty beings, without education, without judgment, prudence, or method; and on the other men who for fifty years have been preparing a mortal blow—anything is possible. Yes, I believe it; and in a fortnight the Germans will be in Alsace. Our mountains will check them, the fortresses of Bitché, of Petite Pierre, of Phalsbourg and Lichtenberg, the abatis and the intrenchments which will be formed in the passes, the ambuscades of every kind which will be set, the bridges and the railway tunnels that they will blow up—all this will prevent them from going farther for three or four months until winter; but, in the meantime, they will send this way reconnoitring parties—Uhlans, hussars, brigands of every kind—who will snap up everything, pillage everywhere—wheat, flour, hay, straw, bacon, cattle, and prin-

cipally money. War will be made upon our backs. We Alsacians and Lorrainers, we shall have to pay the bill. I know all about it. I have been all over the country-side: believe me. Hide everything; that is what I mean to do; and, if anything happens, at least it will not be our fault. I would not go to bed without giving you this warning; so good-night, Christian — good-night, everybody!"

He left us, and we sat a few moments gazing stupidly at each other. My wife and Grédel wanted to hide everything that very night. Grédel, ever since she had got her Jean Baptiste Werner into her head, thought of nothing but her marriage-portion. She knew that we had about a hundred louis in cent-sous pieces in a basket at the bottom of the cupboard: she said to herself, "That's my marriage-portion!" And this troubled her more than anything. She even grew bolder, and wanted to keep the keys herself; but her mother is not a woman to be led. Every minute she cried: "Take care, Grédel! mind what you are about!"

She looked daggers at her; and I was continually obliged to come and maintain peace between them, for Catherine is not gifted with patience. And so all our troubles came together.

But, in spite of what George had just been saying, I was not afraid. The Germans were less than sixteen leagues from us, it is true, but they would have first to cross the Rhine; then we knew that at Niederbronn the people were complaining of the troops cantoned in the villages: this was a proof that there was no lack of soldiers; and then MacMahon was at Strasbourg; the Turcos, the Zouaves, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique were coming up.

So I said to my wife that there was no hurry yet; that Cousin George had long detested the Emperor; but that all that did not mean much; and that it was better to see things for oneself; that I should go to Saverne market, and, if things looked bad, then I would sell all our corn and flour, which would come to a hundred louis, and which we would bury directly with the rest.

My wife took courage; and if I had not had a great deal to grind for the bakers in our village, I should have gone next day to Saverne, and I should have seen what was going on. Unfortunately, ever since Frantz and Jacob had left, the mill was on my hands, and I scarcely had time to turn round.

Jacob was a great trouble to me besides, asking for money by the postman

Michel. This man told me that the Mobiles had not yet been called out, and that they were lounging from one public-house to another in gangs to kill time; that they had received no rifles; that they were not quartered in the barracks; and that they did not get a farthing for their food.

This disorder disgusted me; and I reflected that an Emperor who sends for all the young men in harvest-time, ought at least to feed them, and not leave them to be an expense to their parents. For all that I sent money to Jacob. I could not allow him to suffer hunger; but it was a trouble to my mind to keep him down there with my money, sauntering about with his hands in his pockets, whilst I, at my age, was obliged to carry sacks up into the loft, to fetch them down again, to load the carts alone, and, besides, to watch the mill; for no one could be met with now, and the old day-labourer, Donadien, quite a cripple, was all the help I had. After that, only imagine our anxiety, our fatigue, and our embarrassment to know what to do.

The other people in the village were not in better spirits than ourselves. The old men and women thought of their sons shut up in the town, and the great drought continuing, we could rely upon nothing. The small-pox had broken out too. Nothing would sell, nothing could be sent by railway — planks, beams, felled timber, building-stone, all lay there at the saw-pits or the stone-quarry. The sous-préfet kept on troubling me to search and find out three or four scamps who had not reported themselves, and the consequence of all this was that I did not get to Saverne that week.

Then it was announced that at last the Emperor had just quitted Paris, to place himself at the head of his armies; and five or six days after came the news of his great victory at Sarrebrück, where the mitrailleuses had mown down the Prussians; where the little Prince had picked up bullets, "which made old soldiers shed tears of emotion."

On learning this the people became crazy with joy. On all sides were heard cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and Monsieur le Curé preached the extermination of the heretic Prussians. Never had the like been seen. That very day, towards evening, just after stopping the mill, all at once I heard in the distance, towards the road, cries of "*Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!*"

The dust from the road rose up into the clouds. It was the 84th departing from

Phalsbourg; they were going to Metz, and the people who were working in the fields, near the road, said, in returning at night, that the poor soldiers, with their knapsacks on their shoulders, could scarcely march for the heat, that the people were treating them with eau-de-vie and wine at all the doors in Metting, and that they said, "Good-bye! long life to you!" that the officers, too, were shaking hands with everybody, whilst the people shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

Yes, this victory of Sarrebrück had changed the face of things in our villages; the love of war was returning. War is always popular when it is profitable, and there is a prospect of extending our own territory into other people's countries.

That night, about nine o'clock, I went to caution my cousin to hold his tongue; for after this great victory one word against the dynasty might send him a very long way off. He was alone with his wife, and said to me, "Thank you, Christian, I have seen the despatch. A few brave fellows have been killed, and they have shown the young Prince to the army. That poor little weakly creature has picked up a few bullets on the battle-field. He is the heir of his uncle, the terrible captain of Jena and Austerlitz! Only one officer has been killed; it is not much; but if the heir of the dynasty had had but a scratch, the gazettes would have shed tears, and it would have been our duty to fall fainting."

"Do try to be quiet," said I, looking to see if the windows were all close. "Do take care, George. Don't commit yourself to Placiard and the gendarmes."

"Yes," said he, "the enemies of the dynasty are at this moment in worse danger than the little Prince. If victories go on, they will run the risk of being feathered pretty closely. I am quite aware of that, my cousin; and so I thank you for having come to warn me."

This is all that he said to me, and I returned home full of thoughts.

Next day, Thursday, market-day, I drove my first two wagon-loads of flour to Saverne, and sold them at a good figure. That day I observed the tremendous movement along the railroads of which cousin George had spoken: the carriage of mitrailleuses, guns, chests of biscuits, and the enthusiasm of the people pouring out wine for the soldiers.

It was just like a fair in the principal street, from the château to the station—a fair of little white loaves and sausages; but the Turcos, with their blue jackets, their linen trousers, and their scarlet caps,

took the place of honour—everybody wanted to treat them.

I had never before seen any of these men; their yellow skins, their thick lips, the conspicuous whites of their eyes, surprised me; and I said to myself, seeing the long strides they took with their thin legs, that the Germans would find them unpleasant neighbours. Their officers, too, with their swords at their sides, and their pointed beards, looked splendid soldiers. At every public-house door, a few *Chasseurs d'Afrique* had tied their small light horses, all alike, and beautifully formed like deer. No one refused them anything; and in all directions, in the inns, the talk was of ambulances and collections for the wounded. Well, seeing all this, George's ideas seemed to me more and more opposed to sound sense, and I felt sure that we were going to crush all resistance.

About two o'clock, having dined at the Bœuf, I took the way to the village through Phalsbourg, to see Jacob in passing. As I went up the hill, something glittered from time to time on the slope through the woods, when all at once hundreds of cuirassiers came out upon the road by the Alsace fountain. They advanced at a slow pace by twos, their helmets and their cuirasses threw back flashes of light upon all the trees, and the trampling of their hoofs rolled like the rush of a mighty river.

Then I drew my waggon to one side to see all these men march past me, sitting immovable in their saddles as if they were sleeping, the head inclined forward, and the moustaches hanging, riding strong, square-built horses, the canvas bag suspended from the side, and the sabre ringing against the boot. Thus they filed past me for half-an-hour. They extended their long lines, and stretched on yet to the Schlittenbach. I thought there would be no end to them. Yet these were only two regiments; two others were encamped upon the glacis of Phalsbourg, where I arrived about five in the afternoon. They were driving the pickets into the turf with axes; they were lighting fires for cooking; the horses were neighing, and the townspeople—men, women, and children—were standing gazing at them.

I passed on my way, reflecting upon the strength of such an army, and pitying, by anticipation, the ill-fated Germans whom they were going to encounter. Entering through the gate of Germany, I saw the officers looking for lodgings, the Gardes Mobile, in blouses, mounting guard. They had received their rifles that morning; and

the evening before, Monsieur le Sous-Préfet of Sarrebourg had come himself to appoint the officers of the National Guard. This is what I had learnt at the Vacheron brewery, where I had stopped, leaving my cart outside at the corner of the "Trois Pigeons."

Everybody was talking about our victory at Sarrebrück, especially those cuirassiers who were emptying bottles by the hundred, to allay the dust of the road. They looked quite pleased, and were saying that war on a large scale was beginning again, and that the heavy cavalry would be in demand. It was quite a pleasure to look on them, with their red ears, and to hear them rejoicing at the prospect of meeting the enemy soon.

In the midst of all these swarms of people, of servants running, citizens coming and going, I could have wished to see Jacob; but where was I to look for him? At last I recognized a lad of our village—Nicolas Maisse—the son of the wood-turner, our neighbour, who immediately undertook to find him. He went out, and in a quarter of an hour Jacob appeared.

The poor fellow would embrace me. The tears came into my eyes.

"Well now," said I, "sit down. Are you pretty well?"

"I had rather be at home," said he.

"Yes, but that is impossible now; you must have patience."

I also invited young Maisse to take a glass with us, and both complained bitterly that Mathias Heitz, junior, had been made a lieutenant, who knew no more of the science of war than they did, and who now had ordered of Kuhn, the tailor, an officer's uniform, gold-laced up to the shoulders. Yet Mathias was a friend of Jacob's. But justice is justice.

This piece of news filled me with indignation: what should Mathias Heitz be made an officer for? He had never learnt anything at college; he would never have been able to earn a couple of *liards*—whilst our Jacob was a good miller's apprentice.

It was abominable. However, I made no remark, I only asked if Jean Baptiste Werner, who had a few days before joined the artillery of the national guard, was an officer too?

Then they replied angrily that Jean Baptiste Werner, in spite of his African and Mexican campaigns, was only a gunner in the Mariet battery, behind the powder magazines. Those who knew nothing

became officers; those who knew something of war, like Mariet and Werner, were privates, or at the most sergeants. All this showed me that Cousin George was right in saying that we should be driven like beasts, and that our chiefs were void of common sense.

Looking at all these people coming and going, the time passed away. About eight o'clock, as we were hungry, and I wished to keep my boy with me as long as I could I sent for a good salad and sausages, and we were eating together, with full hearts to be sure, but with a good appetite. But a few moments after the retreat, just when the cuirassiers were going to camp out, and their officers, heavy and weary, were going to rest in their lodgings, a few bugle notes were sounded in the *place d'armes*, and we heard a cry—"To horse! to horse!"

Immediately all was excitement. A despatch had arrived—the officers put on their helmets, fastened on their swords, and came out running through the gate of Germany. Countenances changed; every one asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

At the same time the police inspector came up; he had seen my cart, and cried, "Strangers must leave the place—the gates are going to be closed."

Then I had only just time to embrace my son, to press Nicolas' hand, and to start at a sharp gallop for the gate of France. The drawbridge was just on the rise as I passed it—five minutes after I was galloping along the white high-road by moonlight, on the way to Metting. Outside on the glacis, there was not a sound; the pickets had been drawn, and the two regiments of cavalry were on the road to Saverne.

I arrived home late—everybody was asleep in our village; nobody suspected what was about to happen within a week.

V.

THE whole way I thought of nothing but the cuirassiers. This order to march immediately appeared to me to betoken no good; something serious must have occurred: and as, upon the stroke of eleven, I was putting my horses up, after having put my cart under its shed, the idea came into my head that it was time now to hide my money. I was bringing back from Saverne sixteen hundred livres: this heavy leathern purse in my pocket was perhaps what reminded me. I remembered what cousin George had said about Uhlans and

other scamps of that sort, and I felt a cold shiver come over me.

Having, then, gone upstairs very softly, I awoke my wife: "Get up, Catherine."

"What is the matter?"

"Get up: it is time to hide our money."

"But what is going on?"

"Nothing. Be quiet — make no noise — Grédel is asleep. You will carry the basket: put into it your ring and your ear-rings, everything that we have got. You hear me! I am going to empty the ditch, and we will bury everything at the bottom of it."

Then, without answering, she arose.

I went down to the mill, opened the back-door softly, and listened. Nothing was stirring in the village; you might have heard a cat moving. The mill had stopped, and the water was pretty high. I lifted the milldam, the water began to rush, boiling, down the gully; but our neighbours were used to this noise even in their sleep, so all remained quiet.

Then I went in again, and I was busy emptying into a corner the little box of oak in which I keep my tools — the pincers, the hammer, the screwdriver, and the nails, when my wife, in her slippers, came downstairs. She had the basket under her arm, and was carrying the lighted lantern. I blew it out in a moment, thinking: "Never was a woman such a fool."

Downstairs I asked Catherine if everything was in the basket.

"Yes."

"Right. But I have brought from Saverne sixteen hundred francs: the wheat and the flour sold well."

I had put some bran into the box; everything was carefully laid in the bottom; and then I put on a padlock, and we went out, after having looked to see if all was quiet in the neighbourhood. The sluice was already almost empty; there were only one or two feet of water. I cleared away the few stones which kept the rest of the water from running out, and went into it with my spade and pickaxe as far as just beneath the dam, where I began to make a deep hole; the water was hindering me, but it was flowing still.

Catherine, above, was keeping watch: sometimes she gave a low "Hush!"

Then we listened, but it was nothing — the mewing of a cat, the noise of the running water — and I went on digging. If any one had had the misfortune to surprise us, I should have been capable of doing him a mischief. Happily no one came; and about two o'clock in the morning the whole was three or four feet deep.

I let down the box, and laid it down level, first stamping soil down upon it with my heavy shoes, then gravel, then large stones, then sand; the mud would cover all over of itself; there is always plenty of mud in a mill-stream.

After this I came out again covered with mud. I shut down the dam, and the water began to rise. About three o'clock at the dawn of day the sluice was almost full. I could have begun grinding again; and nobody would ever have imagined that in this great whirling stream, nine feet under water and three feet under ground, lay a snug little square box of oak, mounted with iron, with a good padlock on it, and more than four thousand livres inside. I chuckled inwardly, and said: "Now let the rascals come!"

And Catherine was well pleased too. But about four, just as I was going up to bed again, comes Grédel, pale with alarm, crying: "Where is the money?"

She had seen the cupboard open and the basket empty. Never had she had such a fright in her life before. Thinking that her marriage-portion was gone, her ragged hair stood upon end, she was as pale as a sheet. "Be quiet," I said, "the money is in a safe place."

"Where?"

"It is hidden."

"Where?"

She looked as if she was going to seize me by the collar, but her mother said to her: "That is no business of yours."

Then she became furious, and said, that if we came to die, she would not know where to find her marriage-portion.

The quarrel annoyed me, and I said to her: "We are not going to die; on the contrary, we shall live a long while yet to prevent you and your Jean-Baptiste from inheriting our goods."

And thereupon I went to bed, leaving Grédel and her mother to come to a settlement together.

All I can say is that girls, when they have got anything into their heads, become too bold with their parents, and all the excellent training they have had ends in nothing. Thank God, I had nothing to reproach myself with on that score, nor mother either. Grédel had had four times as many blows as Jacob, because she deserved it on account of her wanting to keep everything, putting it all into her own cupboard, and saying, "There, that's mine!"

Yes, indeed, she had had plenty of correction of that kind: but you cannot beat a girl of twenty, you cannot correct girls

at that age; and that was just my misfortune. It ought to go on for ever!

Well, it can't be helped.

She upset the house and the mill from top to bottom, she visited the garden, and her mother said to her, "You see, we have got it in a safe place; since you cannot find it the Uhlans won't."

I remember that just as we were going up to sleep, that day, the 5th of August, early in the morning, Catherine and I had seen Cousin George in his char-à-bancs coming down the valley of Dosenheim, and it seemed to us that he was out very early. The village was waking up; other people too were going to work; I lay down, and about eight o'clock my wife woke me to tell me that the postman, Michel, was there. I came down, and I saw Michel standing in our parlour with his letter-bag under his arm. He was thoughtful, and told me that the worst reports were abroad; that they were speaking of a great battle near Wissembourg, where we had been defeated; that several maintained that we had lost ten thousand men, and the Germans seventeen thousand, but that there was nothing certain, because it was not known whence these rumours proceeded, only that the commanding officer of Phalsbourg, Taillant, had proclaimed that morning that the inhabitants would be obliged to lay in provisions for six weeks; and, naturally, such a proclamation set people a-thinking, and they said: "Have we a siege before us? Have we gone back to the times of the great retreat and downfall of the first Emperor? Ought that for ever to end in the same fashion?"

My wife, Grédel and I, stood listening to Michel with lips compressed, without interrupting him.

"And you, Michel," said I, when he had done, "what do you think of it all?"

"Monsieur le Maire, I am a poor postman; I want my place; and if my five hundred francs a year were taken from me, what would become of my wife and children?"

Then I saw that he considered our prospects were not good. He handed me a letter from Monsieur le Sous-Préfet—it was the last—telling me to watch false reports; that false news should be severely punished, by order of our préfet, Monsieur Podevin.

We could have wished no better than that the news had been false! But at that time, everything that displeased the sous-préfets, the préfets, the ministers, and the Emperor, was false, and everything that

pleased them, everything that helped to deceive people—like that peaceful plébiscite—was truth!

Let us change the subject: the thought of these things turns me sick!

Michel went away, and all that day might be noticed a stir of excitement in our village; men coming and going, women watching, people going into the wood each with a bag, spade and pickaxe; stables clearing out; a great movement—with faces full of care, and I have always thought that at that moment, every one was hiding, burying anything he could hide or bury. I was sorry I had not begun to sell my corn sooner, when my cousin had cautioned me a week before; but my duties as mayor had prevented me; we must pay for our honours. I had still at least four cart-loads of corn in my barn—now where could I put them? And the cattle, and the furniture, the bedding, provisions of every sort? Never will our people forget those days, when every one was expecting, listening, and saying: "We are like the bird upon the twig. We have toiled, and sweated, and saved for fifty years, to get a little property of our own; to-morrow shall we have anything left? And next week, next month—shall we not be starving to death? And in those days of distress, shall we be able to borrow a couple of liards upon our land, or our house? Who will lend to us? And all this on account of whom? Scoundrels who have taken us in."

Ah! if there is any justice above, as every honest man believes, these abominable beings will have a heavy reckoning to pay. So many miserable men, women, children await them there; they are there to demand satisfaction for all their sufferings. Yes, I believe it. But they—oh! they believe in nothing! There are indeed dreadful brigands in this world!

All that day was spent thus in weariness and anxiety. Nothing was known. We questioned the people who were coming from Dosenheim, Neuviller, or from further still, but they gave no answer but this: "Make your preparations! The enemy is advancing!"

And then my stupid fool of a deputy, Placiard, who for fifteen years did nothing but cry for tobacco licenses, stamp offices, promotion for his sons, for his son-in-law, and even for himself—a sort of beggar who spent his life in drawing up petitions and denunciations—he came into the mill, saying, "Monsieur le Maire, every thing is going on well—ça marche—the enemy

are being drawn into the plain; they are coming into the net. To-morrow we shall hear that they are all exterminated, every one!"

And the municipal councillors, Arnold, Frantz Sépel, Baptiste Dida, the wood-monger, came crowding in, saying that the enemy must be exterminated, that fire must be set to the forest of Haguenau to roast them, and so on! Every one had his own plan. What louts men can be!

But the worst of it was when my wife, having learnt from Michel the proclamations in the town, went up into our bacon stores, to send a few provisions to Jacob; and she perceived our two best hams were missing, with a cheek, and some sausages which had been smoked six weeks.

Then you should have seen her flying down the stairs, declaring that the house was full of thieves; that there was no trusting anybody; and Grédel crying louder than she, that surely Frantz, that thief of a Badener, had made off with them. But mother had visited the bacon-room a couple of days after Frantz had left; she had seen that everything was straight; and her wrath redoubled.

Then said Grédel that perhaps Jacob, before leaving home, had put the hams into his bag with all the rest; but mother screamed, "It is a falsehood! I should have seen it. Jacob has never taken anything without asking for it. He is an honest lad."

The clatter of the mill was music compared to this uproar. I could have wished to take to flight.

About seven my cousin came back upon his char-à-bancs. He was returning from Alsace; and I immediately ran into his house to hear what news he had. George, in his large parlour, was pulling off his boots and putting on his blouse when I entered.

"Is that you Christian?" said he. "Is your money safe?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I have just heard fine news at Bouxviller. Our affairs are in splendid order! We have famous generals! Oh, yes! here is rather a queer beginning; and, if matters go on in this way, we shall come to a remarkable end."

His wife, Marie Anne, was coming in from the kitchen; she laid upon the table a leg of mutton, bread, and wine. George sat down, and, whilst eating, told me that two regiments of the line, a regiment of Turcos, a battalion of light infantry, and a regiment of light horse, with three guns, had been posted in advance of Wissem-

bourg, and that they were there quietly bathing in the Lauter, and washing their clothes, right in front of fifty thousand Germans, hidden in the woods, without mentioning eighty thousand more on our right, who were only waiting for a good opportunity to cross the Rhine. They had been posted, as it were, in the very jaws of a wolf, which had only to give a snap to catch them every one—and this had not failed to take place!

The Germans had surprised our small army corps the morning before; fierce encounters had taken place in the vines around Wissembourg; our men were short of artillery; the Turcos, the light-armed men, and the line had fought like lions, one to six; they had even taken eight guns in the beginning of the action; but German supports coming up in heavy masses had at last cut them to pieces; they had bombarded Wissembourg, and set fire to the town; only a few of ours had been able to retreat to the cover of the woods of Bitché going up the Vosse. It was said that a general had been killed, and that villages were lying in ruins.

It was at Bouxviller that my cousin had heard of this disaster, some of the light horsemen having arrived the same evening. There was also a talk of deserters, as if soldiers, after being routed, without knowledge of a woody country full of mountains, going straight before them to escape from the enemy, should be denounced as deserters. This is one of the abominations that we have seen since that time. Many heartless people preferred crying out that these poor soldiers had deserted to giving them bread and wine: it was more convenient and cheaper.

"Now," said George, "all the army of Strasbourg, and that of the interior, who should have been in perfect order, fresh, rested, and provided with everything at Haguenau, but the rear of which is still lagging behind on the railways as far as Luneville; all these are running down there, to check the invasion. Fourteen regiments of cavalry, principally cuirassiers and chasseurs, are assembling at Brumath. Something is expected there; MacMahon is already on the heights of Reichshoffen, with the commander of engineers, Mohl of Haguenau, and other staff officers, to select his position. As fast as the troops arrive they extend before Niederbronn. I heard this from some people who were flying with wives and children, their beds and other chattels on carts, as I was leaving Bouxviller about three o'clock. They wanted to reach the

fort of Petite Pierre; but hearing that the fort is occupied by a company, they have moved towards Strasbourg. I think they were right. A great city, like Strasbourg, has always more resources than a small place, where they have only a few palisades stuck up to hide fifty men."

This was what Cousin George had learnt that very day.

Hearing him speak, my first thought was to run to the mill, load as much furniture as I could upon two waggons, and drive at once to Phalsbourg; but my cousin told me that the gates would be closed; that we should have to wait outside until the re-opening of the barriers; and that we must hope that it would be time enough to-morrow.

According to him, the great battle would not be fought for two or three days yet, because a great number of Germans had yet to cross the river, and that they would, no doubt, be opposed. It is true that the fifty thousand men who had made themselves masters of Wissembourg might descend the Sauer; but then we should be nearly equal, and it was to the interest of the Germans only to fight when they were three to one. George had heard some officers discussing this point at the inn, in the presence of many listeners, and he believed, according to this, that the 5th army corps, which was extending in the direction of Metz, by Bitche and Sarreguemines, under the orders of General de Failly, would have time to arrive and support MacMahon. I thought so, too. It seemed a matter of course.

From The Westminster Review.
FARADAY.*

WE are much indebted to Dr. Bence Jones for his delightful volumes. Notwithstanding his modest disclaimer as to his fitness for the task, we think that no one could be more eminently qualified to write the life of Faraday, than one who was a most intimate friend of his, and who, moreover, is so thoroughly able to appreciate the great advances made by him in the region of science. And our expectation has not been disappointed. The life of a man of science is frequently of interest to men of science only. But Dr. Jones has been so fortunate in his subject and has

worked up his materials so skilfully, that his book is quite as attractive to the general public, as to those who are within the veil of the temple of science. If we were to find any fault with these volumes, it would be that the connecting statements as to the matter showing Faraday's progress year by year are somewhat stiff and formal, although we must confess that they are given with great clearness and brevity, and very materially assist the reader in understanding the succession of events.

For a fuller account of Faraday's discoveries we must refer to Dr. Tyndall's little book. This is written in his well-known style, which renders even the most abstruse things clear to those who have made but little advance in scientific attainments. However, the ordinary antipathy to exercising thought will, we fear, make this book "caviare to the general," although the personal reminiscences interspersed among the dry details of scientific pursuits are most interesting.

Michael Faraday was one of the four children of a journeyman blacksmith, who lived for some time at Newington and afterwards in rooms over a coachhouse in Jacob's Well Mews, near Manchester Square, in London. His education consisted of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic at a common day school. His hours out of school were passed at home and in the streets. At the present day, when everybody's attention is so much engrossed by the subject of education, it is perhaps superfluous to notice what great results were produced by this simple instruction in the three R's. Still it is well to remember that but for this Faraday would never have been able to educate himself by reading the books in his master's shop, and would probably have remained a bookbinder all his life.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

At the age of thirteen he was engaged as errand boy by a Mr. Riebau, a bookseller, of No. 2, Blandford Street. Here one of his duties was to carry round the papers that were lent out by his master. His kindness to newspaper boys throughout his life is a pleasing trait of his character. "I always feel," he said, "a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself." The next year, 1805, he was bound an apprentice without premium to Mr. Riebau for seven years. Faraday was not one to be contented with learning in this long time the arts of book-

* 1. *The Life and Letters of Faraday*. By Dr. BENCE JONES. Second Edition. London: 1870.

2. *Faraday as a Discoverer*. By J. TYNDALL. New Edition. London: 1870.

binding and selling only. He spent much of this time in reading the books that passed through his hands. And among these he especially delighted in works treating of chemistry and electricity. By this reading he acquired a strong liking for natural philosophy, and was accordingly anxious to attend, whenever he could, the evening lectures delivered by a Mr. Tatum on that subject, the shilling for each lecture being usually paid by his elder brother, Robert, who had been brought up as a blacksmith. Through this Mr. Tatum, he became acquainted with a clerk in the city called Abbott. And it is to his letters to Mr. Abbott that we are indebted for the very clear light that is thrown on his youthful days. The correspondence with this clerk was commenced a little before the end of Faraday's apprenticeship, and it is very curious to observe the objects he had in view in maintaining it. For in his first letter he sets forth without reservation what those objects were:—

"I, dear A., naturally love a letter, and take as much pleasure in reading one (when addressed to myself) and in answering one as in almost anything else: and this good opinion which I entertain has not suffered any injury from the circumstances I have noticed above. I also like it for what I fancy to be good reasons drawn up in my own mind upon the subject, and from those reasons I have concluded that letter-writing improves, first, the handwriting; secondly, the — at this moment occurs an instance of my great deficiency in letter-writing. I have the idea I want to express full in my mind, but I have forgot the word that expresses it, a word common enough too. I mean the expression, the delivery, the composition or manner of connecting words; thirdly, it improves the mind by the reciprocal exchange of knowledge; fourthly, the ideas — it tends I conceive, to make the ideas clear and distinct (ideas are generated or formed in the head, and I will give you an odd instance as a proof); fifthly, it improves the morals. I speak not of the abuse, but the use of epistolation (if you will allow me to coin a new word to express myself), and that use I have no doubt produces other good effects. Now I do not profess myself perfect in those points, and my deficiency in others connected with the subject you well know, as grammar, etc.: therefore it follows that I want improving on these points: and what so natural in a disease as to resort to the remedy that will perform a cure, and more so when the physic is so pleasant; or, to express it in a more logical manner, and consequently more philosophically, M. F. is deficient in certain points that he wants to make up, epistolary writing is one cure for the deficiencies; therefore I should practise epistolary writing."

On the termination of his apprenticeship in 1812, he was employed as a journeyman by a Mr. Delaroche, a bookbinder. His master was so passionate that Faraday soon resolved to leave. Besides this he was, he says, desirous to escape from trade, which he hated, and to enter the service of science, which he loved. In the last year of his apprenticeship he had attended four of Sir Humphry Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution. He made notes of these lectures, wrote them out fully, and sent his MSS. to Sir Joseph Banks the President of the Royal Society, together with a note expressing his desire to escape from trade, and to be employed in some work connected with science. "Naturally enough, 'no answer' was the reply left with the porter." However, a similar application to Sir Humphry Davy shortly after produced the wished for result, and he was appointed by Sir Humphry to the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, with a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and with two rooms at the top of the house. Humble as this position was, no other would have been equally suited to develop his powers. Here he was in daily intercourse with the greatest chemist of the age. His work for Davy was an "inexhaustible mine of knowledge and improvement." He had opportunities of observing the method of Davy's investigations, and of learning as it were the art of discovery. Here he witnessed, among others, that series of experiments which resulted in the invention of the safety-lamp.

After he had been at the Royal Institution a few months, he went abroad as amanuensis to Sir H. Davy. They spent a year and a half together in France, Italy, Switzerland, &c. During his travels Faraday kept a journal, every page of which shows the keenness of his observation. He was by nature very observant, but this faculty is, we think, brought out and developed in all cases by the study of chemistry. It is even more for this reason than for the sake of the acquisition of useful knowledge that we rejoice to see the study of chemistry and other sciences added to the ordinary curriculum of education in schools and colleges. Mathematics teaches us to reason accurately, and classics to express our thoughts correctly, but we also want to cultivate habits of observation. The remark of Sir Humphry Davy is nearly as applicable to our times as to his.

"We are falling," he says, "into an error,

the very reverse of that of our ancestors. We perhaps neglect facts too much, or at least, except in chemistry, we are not sufficiently attentive to the records of facts. We are too fond of substituting literature for science, talents for information, and wit or brilliant execution for accurate and deep research."

Now for the purpose of producing habits of observing facts, no pursuit is more suited than the study of chemistry and similar studies. Great chemists have almost invariably exhibited strong observant powers, not only in their scientific investigations but in the ordinary matters of everyday life.

In this his first absence from home, Faraday realized the depth of his affection for his relations. His letters are full of expressions of love and regret for those at home. On his way back he wrote to his mother —

"You may be sure we shall not creep from Deal to London; and I am sure I shall not creep to 18, Weymouth Street; and then — but it is of no use, I have a thousand times endeavoured to fancy a meeting with you and my relations and friends: the reality must be a pleasure not to be imagined or described."

On his return to England in 1815, he went back to his old post at the Royal Institution. Not long after he began to deliver lectures on chemistry at the City Philosophical Society. This was a society which met at Mr. Tatum's house every Wednesday evening for mutual instruction. Every other week a lecture was delivered by one of the members, each taking his turn, and on these occasions strangers were admitted. The society had also a "class book," which contained essays by the members, and was passed on from one to another for perusal. Faraday had become a member on going to the Royal Institution, and at once entered with enthusiasm into the spirit of the society. He did not rely merely on his own individual exertions in seeking after knowledge, but felt that the intercommunication of thought was one of the greatest aids to those who were educating themselves. In addition to the ordinary meetings of this society, a few of the members met once a week at his rooms "to read together, and to criticize, correct and improve each other's pronunciation and construction of language. The discipline was," he says, "very sturdy, the remarks very plain and open, and the results most valuable." We like to dwell on the method of his self-education. His resources were apparently so small, and the result so grand, that the consideration of the method cannot but be pregnant with

suggestions for the ordinary management of education, and a sure example for those who have the misfortune to be without the advantages of a long school life, but have nevertheless a desire for the privileges of education. The following quotation from one of these youthful lectures shows that he had at an early age mapped out the course of his journey through life: —

"It is not he who has soared above his fellow creatures in power, it is not he who can command most readily the pampering couch or the costly luxury; but it is he who has done most good to his fellows, he who has directed them in the weak moment, aided them in the necessity, and enlightened them in their ignorance, that leads the ranks of mankind."

At the Institution Faraday plodded on quietly for some time, carrying on his self-education side by side with his ordinary duties of chemical assistant. He was after a while entrusted by Davy with some simple work, and in process of time he began to make investigations for himself. The results of these investigations were published in some of the journals of science. In this way he gradually became known to the scientific world. When he was once known, honours were showered upon him from all parts. He was elected member or correspondent of various scientific societies, and in 1823 attained the much-prized title of F. R. S. This latter honour was, however, not unaccompanied with alloy. He had at the end of 1821 written some articles on electro-magnetism for the "Annals of Philosophy." The experiments he made for this purpose led him to make some discoveries, which he published in a paper on "New Electrical Motions." He had some time before heard Dr. Woollaston and Sir H. Davy conversing on the subject of electro-magnetism, after an experiment they had made at the Royal Institution, and he knew that Dr. Woollaston had been engaged on this subject. Accordingly, before publishing his paper, he called on Dr. Woollaston to obtain leave to make some reference to his ideas and discoveries. The Doctor had left town, and "by an error of judgment the paper was published without any allusion to his opinions and intentions." It was, we think, indeed a great error of judgment. Faraday showed by his wish to see Dr. Woollaston that he himself felt he ought to refer to the Doctor; and such reference might have been attained by no other sacrifice than the mere delay of the publication for a short time. It was very natural for those who knew of Dr. Woollaston's

ideas and work as to this subject to think that some explanation was necessary, but it was hard on young Faraday to be at once accused of dishonesty; for he soon heard of rumours that he was charged "with concealing the theory and views of Dr. Woollaston, with taking the subject while Dr. Woollaston was at work on it, and with dishonourably taking Dr. Woollaston's thoughts and pursuing them without acknowledgment." Faraday hastened at once to clear himself of the charge. He wrote to Dr. Woollaston the following frank and manly letter:—

"Sir,—I am urged by strong motives respectfully to request your attention for a few moments. The latter end of last month I wrote a paper on electro-magnetism, which I left in the hands of the printer of the *Quarterly Journal*, and went into the country. On returning home the beginning of this month, I heard from two or three quarters that it was considered I had not behaved honourably in that paper; and that the wrong I had done was done to you. I immediately wished and endeavoured to see you, but was prevented by the advice of my friends, and am only now at liberty to pursue the plan I intended to have taken at first. If I have done anyone wrong, it was quite unintentional, and the charge of behaving dishonourably is not true. I am bold enough, sir, to beg the favour of a few minutes' conversation with you on this subject, simply for these reasons; that I can clear myself, that I owe obligations to you, that I respect you, that I am anxious to escape from unfounded impressions against me, and if I have done any wrong that I may apologize for it. I do not think, sir, that you would regret allowing me this privilege; for, satisfied in my own mind of the simplicity and purity of my motives in writing that paper, I feel that I should satisfy you; and you would have the pleasure of freeing me from an embarrassment I do not deserve to lie under. Nevertheless, if for any reason you do not consider it necessary to permit it, I hope I shall not further have increased any unpleasant feeling towards me in your mind.

"I have very much simplified and diminished in size the rotating apparatus, so as to enclose it in a tube. I should be proud if I may be allowed, as a mark of strong and sincere respect, to present one for your acceptance. I am almost afraid to make this request, not because I know of the slightest reason which renders it improper, but because of the uncertain and indefinite form of the rumours which have come about me. But I trust, sir, that I shall not injure myself with you by adopting the simplest and most direct means of clearing up a misunderstanding that has arisen against me; but that what I do with sincerity you will receive favourably.

"I am, Sir, with great respect,
"Your obedient humble servant."

Woollaston's opinion was, that if "Faraday acquitted himself of making any incorrect use of the suggestions of others," he had no occasion to trouble himself much about the matter. Unfortunately, experience shows us that a misrepresentation once made is seldom wholly got rid of unless with the clearest evidence. And in this case the charge arose again with redoubled vigour. When Faraday was proposed for the Fellowship of the Royal Society, a formidable opposition to his election was in preparation; he then published a historical statement respecting electro-magnetic rotation, and this and other earnest and clear explanations of his conduct made it manifest to his opponents that the utmost which could be charged against him was that he had been thoughtlessly hasty in publishing his discoveries. This seems at first sight to be one of those unseemly squabbles, which sometimes occur among great men. But it was not so. It is pleasing to find Faraday saying that the kindness and liberality of Dr. Woollaston had been constant to him throughout the whole affair. Although the conduct of Woollaston's friends must have been painful to Faraday, yet it was, we think, quite natural, although it might perhaps have been exhibited less acrimoniously. It is only after much patient toil, combined with good fortune, that men of the most perceptive and inventive powers make the smallest advance in discovery. Accordingly it is but just that the forger of any additional link in the great chain of knowledge should receive the full honour of his addition to the world's wealth, and those who are anxious that no portion of that honour should be shared by others are really doing good service to the cause of science.

Another painful incident is connected with this Fellowship. Faraday found that his old friend and benefactor, Sir H. Davy, was opposed to his election. Their long and intimate intercourse must have convinced Davy of Faraday's powers, and the great chemist was most undoubtedly, though probably unconsciously, jealous of his advancement. Nor was it strange that Davy should not see with complacency the success of one who had been a kind of servant of his, but who now seemed likely to rival, if not partially eclipse him.

In 1821 Faraday married Miss Sarah Barnard, one of the daughters of Mr. Barnard of Paternoster Row, "an event," he writes in 1849, "which more than any other contributed to his earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. The union

has continued for twenty-eight years, and has in no wise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character." He was allowed to bring his wife to the Institution, and here they lived together in perfect happiness for many a long year. The tenderness and considerate affection which he invariably exhibited towards Mrs. Faraday is, as we might expect, reflected clearly in his correspondence. His letters to her remind us of those of Colingwood to his "dear Sarah." The great Admiral himself might have penned the following:—

"I feel rather tired and stiff myself, and perhaps that makes my letter so too; but my dear girl is, I know, a girl of consideration, and will not insist upon having two or three pages of affection after so much narrative. Indeed I see no use in measuring it out at all. I am yours, my heart and thoughts are yours, and it would be a mere formality to write it down so, and capable of adding nothing to the truth, but that I have as much pleasure in saying it as you have in hearing it said, and that it is not with us at least a measure or token of affection merely, but the spontaneous result of it."

And again:—

"And now, my dear girl, I must set business aside. I am tired of the dull detail of things, and want to talk of love to you; and surely there can be no circumstances under which I can have more right. The time was a cheerful and delightful one before we were married, but it is doubly so now. I now can speak, not of my own heart only, but of both our hearts. I now speak, not with any doubt of the state of your thoughts, but with the fullest conviction that they answer to my own. All that I can now say warm and animated to you, I know that you would say to me again. The excess of pleasure which I feel in knowing you mine is doubled by the consciousness that you feel equal joy in knowing me yours. Oh, my dear Sarah, poets may strive to describe, and artists to delineate the happiness which is felt by two hearts truly and mutually loving each other, but it is beyond their efforts, and beyond the thoughts and conceptions of anyone who has not felt it. I have felt and do feel it, but neither I nor any other man can describe it, nor is it necessary. We are happy, and our God has blessed us with a thousand causes why we should be so. Adieu for to-night." . . .

In 1825 he was advanced from the post of chemical assistant to that of Director of the Laboratory at the Institution, and this he retained almost to the last, notwithstanding many alluring temptations of other appointments. He was offered in 1827 the Professorship in the new university of London, but he declined it on the ground that he thought it a matter of duty

and gratitude on his part to do what he could for the Royal Institution in the attempt to establish it firmly. In 1829 he became a lecturer at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and in 1833 he was appointed to the newly founded professorship of chemistry at the Royal Institution, with a salary of 100*l.* a year in addition to his ordinary salary of 100*l.* as director of the Laboratory. In 1835 a pension was granted to him by the government. The circumstances connected with this are interesting, as showing his innate feeling of proper pride and self-respect. At first he wrote to refuse the pension, but was afterwards induced by his father-in-law to accept it. At an interview Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, made use of some inconsiderate expressions, such as "humbbug," with reference to pensions. Faraday at once wrote to decline the offer of a pension. Friends of both tried to remove the misunderstanding between them, but Faraday was immovable. On being asked what would induce him to change his mind, he replied, "I should require from his Lordship what I have no right or reason to expect he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me." "The required apology came, frank and full, creditable," as Dr. Tyndall says, "alike to the Prime Minister and the philosopher." In 1836 he was appointed scientific adviser to the Trinity House. In this capacity he introduced very important improvements into the lighthouses of the coast, and from time to time made most valuable reports on the subject of lights. His letter accepting the appointment is very characteristic:—

"I consider your letter to me as a great compliment, and should view the appointment at the Trinity House, which you propose, in the same light; but I may not accept even honours without due consideration. In the first place, my time is of great value to me, and if the appointment you speak of involved anything like periodical routine attendances, I do not think I could accept it. But if it meant that in consultation, in the examination of proposed plans and experiments, in trials, etc., made as my convenience would allow, and with an honest sense of duty to be performed, then I think it would consist with my present engagements. You have left the title and the sum in pencil. These I look at mainly as regards the character of the appointment; you will believe me to be sincere in this, when you remember my indifference to your proposition as a matter of interest, though not as a matter of kindness. In consequence of the good-will and confidence of all around me, I can at any moment convert

my time into money, but I do not require more of the latter than is sufficient for necessary purposes. The sum, therefore, of 200*l.* is quite enough in itself, but not if it is to be the indicator of the character of the appointment; but I think you do not view it so, and that you and I understand each other in that respect; and your letter confirms me in that opinion. The position which I presume you would wish me to hold is analogous to that of a standing counsel. As to the title, it might be what you pleased almost. Chemical adviser is too narrow; for you would find me venturing into parts of the philosophy of light not chemical. Scientific adviser you may think too broad (or in me too presumptuous); and so it would be, if by it was understood all science. It was the character I held with two other persons at the Admiralty Board in its former constitution. The thought occurs to me, whether, after all, you want such a person as myself. This you must judge of; but I always entertain a fear of taking an office in which I may be of no use to those who engage me. Your applications are however so practical, and often so chemical, that I have no great doubt in the matter."

Faraday's life was peculiarly devoid of incident. He lived on quietly year after year, experimenting and lecturing, and occasionally making an excursion into the country or on the Continent for the sake of rest. Though eminently of a social disposition, he went into society but very little. His domestic happiness was so great, and his friendships so firm, that he seems to have found the little time he spared from his work barely sufficient for cultivating these. In a list of things given up by him during the time of his experimental researches in electricity, we find a note for the year 1834:—"Declined all dining out or invitations." But his intimacy with the great scientific men of the day was most close, and it is very interesting to read letters from and to such men as Humboldt, Arago, Liebig, Babbage, &c. The following letter, however, is especially valuable from the after-history of the writer. It shows that the most depressing circumstances could not overcome his ever-busy mind, which, when foiled in one direction, immediately betook itself to what is perhaps, after all, the most satisfying—the investigation of physical truths.

"Fort of Ham, May 23rd, 1843.

"Dear Sir,—You are not aware, I am sure, that since I have been here no person has afforded me more consolation than yourself. It is indeed in studying the great discoveries which science is indebted to you for, that I render my captivity less sad, and make time flow with rapidity. I submit to your judgment and indulgence a the-

ory of my own on voltaic electricity, which was the subject of a letter from me to M. Arago on April 23rd last, and which I here subjoin. M. Arago was kind enough to read it to the Academy, but I do not yet know the general opinion on it. Will you have the goodness to tell me sincerely if my theory is good or not, as nobody is a better judge than yourself. Permit me also to ask you another question that interests me much, on account of a work I intend to publish; what is the most suitable combination to give to a voltaic battery, in order to produce a spark capable of setting fire to powder under water or under ground? Up to the present I have only seen employed to that purpose piles of thirty to forty pairs constructed on Dr. Woolaston's principles. They are very large, and inconvenient for field service. Could not the same effect be produced by two spiral pairs only, and if so, what can be their smallest dimensions? It is with infinite pleasure that I profit of this opportunity to recall myself to your remembrance, and to assure you that no one entertains a higher opinion of your scientific genius than, yours truly,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

"I beg to be kindly remembered to Sir James South and to Mr. Babbage."

Those who have seen her Majesty's magnificent yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," have doubtlessly sometimes wondered why it was constructed with paddle-wheels. It is due to what Faraday calls a "highly philosophic suggestion" of the late Prince Consort, that inasmuch as a rotating disc resists any force tending to change the plane of its rotation, the rotation of the paddle-wheels has a tendency to diminish the rolling of a vessel. It was owing to the kindness of the Prince that a house on Hampton Court Green was offered to Faraday by the Queen; accordingly he left his rooms at the Institution in 1858, and made Hampton Court his residence till his death.

At his first interview with Davy, Faraday spoke of his desire to escape from trade, which he thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which he imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal. Davy smiled at his notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave him to the experience of a few years to set him right on that matter. This was doubtless good advice to give to a young man in Faraday's position, with which his romantic ideas naturally appeared somewhat incongruous. Yet it must be admitted that the principle of "buy cheap and sell dear," has a tendency to narrow and degrade a man's sympathies, and to make him live more and more for himself, however much

that tendency may be struggled against and overcome in individual instances. And a position in which honour may be acquired, as well as personal advancement, has a tendency to ennoble and chasten a man's theory of life, however much that tendency may be overwhelmed by the individual character of a man. But whether this be so or not, Faraday in his own case realized the beauties of the pursuit of science. Selfishness seems to have had no place in his spirit. For example, a London chemist with a slight reputation can, if he choose, make a large income by giving opinions and assistance in the various matters brought before him. But Faraday was not to be led away by any such temptation. "From 1832 to 1845 his 'professional business income' varied from 150*l.* to 20*l.*, being usually about the latter sum, and after 1845 he received no professional income at all. Dr. Tyndall says that he had to choose between a fortune of 150,000*l.* on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. This speaks for itself. Throughout his life he was constantly consulted by the Government on matters of importance, but would never receive any pay, except in one instance, and then only for the sake of the person joined with him. He always, "as a good subject, held himself ready to assist the Government." If science did not help to develop this entire freedom from selfishness, at any rate it did not crush and destroy it.

One peculiarity of science is its catholicity. A feeling of brotherhood seems to exist between scientific men in all parts of the world. Faraday had friends everywhere, and received from foreign countries and sovereigns honours, which he says rather bitterly, "belonging to very limited and select classes, surpass, in my opinion, anything which it is in the power of my own to bestow." This is somewhat of an exaggeration. For though the honour that England pays to her scientific men be badly organized, yet she is not so devoid of great names, that to be associated with them is anything but a great honour, in whatever form that honour may be expressed.*

* It would be useless to enumerate here all the honours which were conferred upon him. Suffice it to say that he received signs of esteem from universities and societies in all civilized countries, the University of Cambridge distinguishing itself by being the first, as well as almost the last, to show some mark of its appreciation of his ability. But the highest scientific position in England he never actually held. As we were told this year by a somewhat stiff picture in the Royal Academy's Exhi-

The main purposes of Faraday's life were to make discoveries in science, and to teach science by means of lectures. Those who have heard him will bear testimony to his great success as a lecturer; they will remember the clearness with which he presented his subject, impressing his hearers with the idea of a picture with sharply-marked distinct outlines. His illustrations and experiments were invariably appropriate and successful. All this was so well done, that it seemed quite a second nature to him; and yet, after all, it was, as is usual in such cases, the result of long study and practice. Early in life he took private lessons in elocution, and his teacher used often to attend his lectures, in order to correct faults in address and delivery. Among Faraday's notes are found several rules as to lecturing; but, what is especially strange, he had, as early as 1813, in his letters to Abbott, expressed his views, in fact written what may be called a short dissertation, on the qualifications of a good lecturer. Here the excellences to be aimed at and the faults to be avoided were delineated most exactly, and we cannot but admit that the result wished for was the same as that afterwards attained. It is evident that he made a study of the *art* of lecturing, and it is due to that study that his practice was so perfect. From these letters we quote the following short extracts:—

"A lecturer should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned, his thoughts about him, and his mind clear and free for the contemplation and description of his subject. His action should not be hasty and violent, but slow, easy, and natural; consisting principally in changes of the posture of the body, in order to avoid the air of stiffness or sameness that would otherwise be unavoidable. His whole behaviour should evince respect for his audience, and he should in no case forget that he is in their presence. No accident that does not interfere with their convenience should disturb his serenity, or *cause* variation in his behaviour; he should *never*, if possible, turn his back on them, but should give them full reason to believe that all his powers have been exerted for their pleasure and instruction. . . .

"A lecturer may consider his audience as being polite or vulgar (terms I wish you to understand according to Shuffleton's new dictionary), learned or unlearned (with respect to the subject), listeners or gazers. Polite com-

bition a deputation from the Royal Society waited on him to urge him to accept the Presidency. He however declined that high office; and, what is especially strange, he afterwards refused the offer of the Presidency of the Royal Institution, with which he was throughout his life so intimately connected.

pany expect to be entertained not only by the subject of the lecture, but by the manner of the lecturer; they look for respect, for language consonant to their dignity, and ideas on a level with their own. The vulgar — that is to say in general, those who will take the trouble of thinking, and the bees of business, wish for something that they can comprehend. This may be deep and elaborate for the learned, but for those who are yet tyros and unacquainted with the subject, must be simple and plain. Lastly, listeners expect reason and sense, whilst gazers only require a succession of words."

Though these early letters contain an occasional inaccuracy or harshness of expression, they are on the whole remarkably clear, animated, and manly. For a young man who educated himself they are indeed wonderful productions. They show throughout his constant anxiety to acquire a correctness and facility of expression. He is always talkative and lively, but we frequently meet with an air of constraint. He had not yet acquired the "*ars celare artem*." But this effort gradually diminished, until ultimately it entirely disappeared. A sense of quiet humour crops up occasionally in his writings. During a tour in Wales he writes —

"We had time this morning to enjoy the inn we had entered, and which possesses a very high character for cleanliness, attention, and comfort. We certainly found it so, and entirely free from the inconveniences which inns have in general, more or less. Whilst at breakfast, the river Dee flowing before our windows, the second harper I have heard in Wales struck his instrument and played some airs in very excellent style. I enjoyed them for a long time, and then wishing to gratify myself with a sight of the interesting *bard*, went to the door and beheld — the *boots*! He, on seeing me open the door, imagined I wanted something, and quitting his instrument took up his third character of *waiter*. I must confess I was sadly disappointed and extremely baulked. Even at Bethgellert they had a good-looking blind old man, though he played badly; and now, when I heard delightful sounds, and had assured myself the harper was in accordance with the effect he produced, he sank on a sudden many, many stages down into a common waiter. Well, after all I certainly left Llangollen regretting the harp less because of the person who played it."

The moving mainspring of Faraday's life was his religion. He belonged to the sect of the Sandemanians. Few probably have even heard of this sect. But when we consider that its doctrines held so powerful a sway over a man of such a character and so strong an understanding,

it cannot but be interesting to know something of the nature of their creed. In the early part of the last century a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, called Glas, was deposed, Dr. Bence Jones tells us —

"Because he taught that the church should be subject to no league or covenant, but be governed only by the doctrines of Christ and his apostles. He held that Christianity never was, nor could be, the established religion of any nation without becoming the reverse of what it was when first instituted; that Christ did not come to establish any worldly power, but to give a hope of eternal life beyond the grave to his people whom he should choose of his own sovereign will: that the Bible and that alone, with nothing added to it nor taken away from it by man, was the sole and sufficient guide for each individual, at all times and in all circumstances; that faith in the divinity and work of Christ is the gift of God, and that the evidence of this faith is obedience to the commandments of Christ."

We are elsewhere told that "faith was held by him to be nothing more or less than a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning Christ with respect to his being delivered for the offences of men and raised again for their justification, as is recorded in the New Testament."

The Sandemanians are said to understand the precept concerning the community of goods almost in its literal sense: every one is to consider all his possessions liable to the calls of the church, and they maintain it to be unlawful to lay up treasures upon earth for any distant or uncertain use. They abstain strictly from blood and from things strangled. They hold a lot to be sacred, and consequently disapprove of cards, dice, and any game of chance, where the object is merely amusement. They seem to disapprove of second marriage; for by marrying a second time a man disqualifies himself for the office of elder. They are also said to have peculiar opinions about love-feasts, the kiss of charity, washing each other's feet, &c.

Sandeman, from whom the sect takes its name, was a son-in-law of Glas, and preached these doctrines in England, where several congregations were in time formed. Faraday's family and that of his wife were members of the congregation in London. But he was not an ordinary conformist. All his writings breathe the spirit of his religion, and show how closely it was intertwined with all the feelings of his heart. A deep sense of religious truths usually carries with it an earnest anxiety to convert others, but it was not so with

him. He never obtruded the peculiarities of his sect even on his friends. Dr. Tyn-dall says, "Never once, during an intimacy of fifteen years, did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him out on the subject. He then spoke to me without hesitation or reluctance: not with any apparent desire to 'improve the occasion,' but to give me such information as I sought." He seems to have felt that there are many paths leading to God, and that we do not always assist each other in our course by struggling to induce others to leave the path they have chosen. The Bible was the "sole and sufficient guide for each individual," and it would appear he considered that every one was to interpret it for himself, and by himself work out his own salvation. "That is between me and my God," said he to his wife, when she very reasonably asked him why he had not told her of his intention to make his confession of sin and profession of faith before the church. In 1840 he was elected an elder of his church. In this capacity he preached every other Sunday, but his sermons appear to have been effective rather by his earnestness than by any beauties of language or originality of matter. After a few years he gave up his eldership and became a simple member of the church again.

One would have thought that such a man as Faraday would not have been misrepresented as to his religious views. But with many it was quite sufficient that he was a man of science; therefore he must be an atheist. Those who knew anything of him did not require any refutation of such a statement. The following is a quotation from one of his lectures:—

"I believe that the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; but that it is made known to him by other teachings than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given. Let no one suppose for a moment that the self-education I am about to commend in respect of the things of this life, extends to any consideration of the hope set before us, as if man by reasoning could find out God. It would be improper here to enter upon this subject further than to claim an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief. I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe that 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things

that are made, even His eternal power and God-head,' and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit."

These are the few words of comfort he writes to his niece in her affliction:—

"Poor Mary! But why poor? She is gone in her hope to the rest she was looking for, and we may rejoice in her example as a case of the power of God, who keeps those who look to Him in simplicity through the faith that is in Christ. But her poor husband and her many children are deeply to be felt for, and you also, and her father. We join in deep sympathy with you all." . . .

Every one must admire the singleness of purpose with which Faraday carried out in practice the principles of his religion, but we cannot but wonder at the strange peculiarities of the doctrines professed by the sect to which he belonged. However, we have not far to turn in order to find a reason which will account for his religion. He conformed to the faith of his parents. We do not say it was a mere hereditary conformity. On the contrary he, if any man, sought for a reason for the faith that was in him; and it was doubtless after mature deliberation that he retained this faith. But we must remember that very few men, even of the strongest mental powers, wholly shake off the impressions of their childhood. The lessons learnt at the mother's knee or in the schoolroom, of whatever nature they may be, are invested with an inexplicable charm, and the remembrance of them is ever fresh; in some things we emancipate ourselves from the spell, but in others the fascination still clings to us.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

It is the knowledge of this that induces the various sects to struggle so fiercely for managing the education of children in accordance with their respective ideas. Strong are the prejudices implanted in childhood; sometimes many are afterwards rooted out, sometimes few, but in general some remain and flourish like green bay-trees. And not only do they blossom and produce their fruit, but they frequently propagate others to take the place of those that have been eradicated. And even in the few cases where the old prejudices have entirely disappeared, the newly-acquired antipathy to them gives

birth to others that are almost as bad. Thus no one approaches the subject of religion with his mind a *tabula rasa*; no one —

“From the table of his memory
Can wipe away all trivial fond records,
That youth and observation copied there.”

Seldom does a man lay aside altogether his theological bias, and, after considering with judicial calmness all the various arguments on either side, select his sect accordingly. The queer growths of a tree are frequently attributable to a warp received in youthful days, and in our opinion it is due to the Sandemanian influences of his parents and relations, that Faraday never apprehended what seems to us the absurdity of his peculiar tenets.

Liebig, when in England, observed that only the works which have a practical tendency awaken attention and command respect, whereas in Germany the enrichment of science is alone considered worthy of attention. This is partially true. But it seems to us that truth, whether referring to material existence or not, is not only beautiful, but is also useful. It may be that we cannot at once see the use, but we are constrained to feel that at some time or other, it may be far in the distant future, every truth that is brought within the scope of man's knowledge will in some way or other be useful to man. How many discoveries, one built on the other, preluded Newton's grand and most useful discovery of the principle of gravity, and yet each one of these, though a link in the chain connecting us with the great truth, would doubtlessly have appeared to most of us the mere result of the “unprofitable exercise of an ingenious mind.” It certainly is a fault of Englishmen to test the value of a discovery by its immediate practical use. Judged even by this standard, Faraday's work was valuable; but his name does not happen to be connected in the popular mind with any distinct object, as Davy's with the safety-lamp, or Newton's with gravity. The public have a dim mysterious idea that he made some discoveries in magnetism and electricity which have not led to much practical result. We shall not be surprised at this, if we consider what indistinct ideas the mention of his principal discoveries convey to an ordinary mind. Dr. Tyndall divides his most important discoveries into four groups, at the head of which stand severally — Magneto-Electric Induction, the law of definite Electro-chemical Decomposition, the Magnetization of light, and

Diamagnetism. However, when his character is generally known, he will be estimated far more highly than any mere ordinary philosopher. He was not merely the greatest experimental discoverer, but one of the noblest characters of our age.

We all study physiognomy either consciously or unconsciously. Of course we are frequently deceived in our speculations. This may arise from there being exceptions to our rules, or as is more probable, from our studies of the science having been shallow. Those who take an interest in this study have of late derived great advantages from the Portrait Galleries of 1866-8 and from the National Portrait Gallery at Kensington. How often does the first sight of a portrait disappoint us. For example, in Warren Hastings we at first see a self-complacent gentleman with open mouth and half idiotic expression, without any of the ordinary signs of even common intellect; and in Clive a rough, good-tempered, uncultivated yeoman, who certainly had not seen much either of the camp or of the desk, although we cannot miss his firmness of decision and tenacity of purpose. Further consideration gives us a deeper insight into the character portrayed. But in Phillips's portrait of Faraday at the National Portrait Gallery, there is no temporary deception to the most casual observer. We see at once the natural gaiety of temper, the high principles of moral rectitude, the retiring disposition combined with a strong firmness of purpose. This brief sketch of his life and these few extracts from his writings give but a faint idea of the inherent kindness and gentleness of his disposition, of his entire freedom from vanity, of the tenderness of his domestic affections, of the pure and lofty morality to which he strove to make his conduct conform, and of the genuine tolerance and simple reverence which were instinctive to him. His life was perhaps too much that of a recluse; we may perhaps lament that he did not mix more in the world, that his intercourse was confined to so few; but we must remember that the pursuit of science was the purpose of his life, and to this purpose everything of necessity gave way. He was particularly averse to ceremony of any sort. He took no delight in any of the ordinary outward expressions of the deepest feelings. Like Cordelia, he could not “heave his heart into his mouth;” but he had that within which passeth show. A curious illustration of this is exhibited in his marriage. He wished his wedding-day to be just like any other day,

and actually offended some of his near relations by not inviting them to his wedding. In a letter to Miss Reid he says, "There will be no mirth, no noise, no hurry occasioned even in one day's proceedings. In externals that day will pass like all others, for it is in the heart that we expect and look for pleasure." Most self-educated men exhibit their want of early training by some ruggedness of manner or other peculiarity, but Faraday was polished in his manners, in his conversation, in his writings. In every respect he maintained the character of a refined English gentleman. This may perhaps be due to the fact that he had, after all, spent his youth in the midst of what Mr. Ruskin tells us is "the best society, the kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves."

We have considered Faraday's character as a man, rather than as a philosopher and a discoverer; but we may refer to one thing which strikes us at once in reading his speculative papers—a want of precision. Dr. Tyndall suggests that it would probably have been obviated by some mathematical training. This would doubtlessly have been of great advantage to him. But it is rather by a kind of instinct than by a precise train of reasoning that bold theories are advanced and maintained. No one knew better than Faraday how important it is to distinguish what is still in the region of theory from what has been reduced into the region of fact; yet when he wandered into the region of theory, he sometimes lost himself in its mazes. He placed the most implicit faith in his hypothesis as to lines of force, although the corroborative facts were but few. Still we must not forget that his faith in the unity and convertibility of natural forces was very similar. We well remember with what earnestness Dr. Tyndall, in his Rede lecture before the University of Cambridge, contended that the study of natural science is not inconsistent with the culture of the imagination. We think he might perhaps have gone further, and shown that it is a great fallacy to suppose that any investigation of the truth destroys or injures the faculty of imagination. What it does is to enable us to distinguish between what is mere imagination and what is sober truth whether imagined or actually realized. Discovery usually consists of alternate guessing and testing. Sometimes the happy guess is made by one and the conclusive demonstration by another, as was the case in the

discovery of the principle of gravity by Newton. Faraday for the most part confined himself to testing his own surmises. When he was successful, he was most clear and precise, but when the speculation still refused to yield to the rigorous trials of facts, he, as we have said, lacked precision. However, the first conception of a new truth is usually vague, and it is by an intuitive faith, which scarcely knows how to express itself, that the patient and laborious pertinacity is produced which ultimately brings the fruit to maturity.

Faraday had throughout his life overtasked his brain, and in consequence suffered occasionally from giddiness and loss of memory. Sometimes he was obliged to rest almost entirely from all his work. Towards the end of his life this loss of memory was one of his principal troubles. It was especially trying to him, inasmuch as his memory had formerly been so strong.

At length, in 1865, he resigned his duties at the Royal Institution and retired altogether to Hampton Court. Here he soon fell into a state of weakness and decline, though he was still able to enjoy his favourite diversions of repeating poetry and seeing beautiful scenery. When asked how he was, he once replied "Just waiting." These two words comprise the whole story of the last year or two of his life, and on the 25th August, 1867, in his seventy-sixth year, full of honours, he passed away quietly and peacefully. He had attained the blessings which Buckingham invoked for King Henry. He had "lived long," and had been "ever beloved and loving;" and

"When old time now led him to his end,
Goodness and he filled up one monument."

He rests in the beautiful and retired cemetery at Highgate, in the shade of the clustering ivy, and beneath a stone reflecting his own simplicity in its plain inscription. And though this God's acre is the last retreat of many an eminent man, we may confidently say it does not contain one more truly great than this blacksmith's son.

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METEORS—SEEDBEARING AND OTHERWISE.

ASTRONOMERS are but now beginning to recognize the full significance of those strange discoveries which have been made

respecting meteors during this last four or five years. The aspect of meteoric astronomy has been completely changed by the labours of Adams, Leverrier, Schiaparelli, and a host of other inquirers; while a variety of interesting conclusions which are deducible from the recent discoveries, remain as yet unnoticed, simply because so much has to be done in setting the new facts into order. Startling as was the suggestion recently thrown out by Sir W. Thompson—that meteors in long-past ages brought to our earth the seeds of life from worlds that had been shattered into fragments—we believe that even more surprising inferences will be legitimately deduced from what has been learned of late respecting meteors. Time only is needed, that, in the first place, the actual condition of the solar system, as respects these bodies, may be more satisfactorily determined; and that, in the second place, the former condition of our system, and the condition to which it is tending, may be thence ascertained.

We do not purpose here to trace out the progress of those labours by which our present knowledge of the nature of meteors and of the part they play in the economy of the solar system has been gained. The history of those researches is full of interest, not only on account of the strangeness of the facts to which astronomers have been led, but also on account of the singular coincidences which have marked the progress of inquiry. At one time, it is a great display of shooting-stars which takes place just as astronomers required special information respecting meteoric showers; at another, a bright comet—the only comet of the 650 hitherto detected which could give certain information—appears at the very time when the information was needed; and at yet another, precisely when astronomers were inquiring about another comet supposed to have escaped detection (if it had, indeed, any real existence), they find that that very comet had been seen, its path calculated, and even its constitution determined only a few months before. Such coincidences as these, the assiduity displayed by Adams, Leverrier, and their fellow-workers, and the singular conclusions to which their labours point, undoubtedly cause the account of the last few years of meteoric research to form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of astronomy. But the narrative of these matters has been given elsewhere, and is doubtless already familiar to most of those who will read these pages. It would also

occupy more space than can here be spared. We purpose to consider at present rather the conclusions to which recent discoveries have led, than the history of the inquiries of which those discoveries were the reward.

The first, and in some respects the most striking feature, of the new meteoric astronomy, is the amazing extent of the paths on which meteors travel. There was something very startling in the conclusion to which astronomers had been already led, that meteors are bodies which, before encountering our earth, have travelled on paths comparable in extent with hers. That a tiny body—a body so light, in many instances, that a child could play with it—should for countless ages have swept around the sun on a path many millions of miles in diameter; that in fact, such a body should have been in reality a planet, was certainly a most surprising theory. But now we know that, so far as orbital range is concerned, our earth sinks into utter insignificance beside most, if not all, of these meteoric bodies. Astronomers have only been able to determine the real paths of two meteoric systems; but these two systems afford very significant evidence respecting their fellow-systems. The members of one—the November system—travel to a distance exceeding that at which remote Uranus pursues his gloomy career; the members of the other—the August family of meteors—pass to a distance far exceeding even that of Neptune. As it is wholly unlikely that the two meteor systems first successfully dealt with are the most extended of all those which the earth encounters, the conclusion may fairly be accepted that there are meteor systems whose members travel to distances exceeding even the enormous range of the August meteors.

But there is evidence of meteoric ranges compared with which the distances just referred to are literally as nothing. It is in considering such ranges, as we shall presently see, that we touch on the question of seedbearing meteors.

When as yet astronomers had no proof that any meteors travel on such wide paths as we have mentioned, no great reliance was placed upon the estimates of meteoric velocities, as deduced from actual observation. The acknowledged difficulty of the task of observation, and some seeming discrepancies in the results, were held sufficient reasons for regarding those estimates as unreliable. For if the estimates were accepted, some very startling conclusions had to be accepted with them.

Let it be remembered that a body which crosses the earth's track cannot possibly have a velocity exceeding a certain definite amount, *if* it has reached the earth's course under the sole influence of the sun's attraction. If the sun draw in meteors from surrounding space, then every one of those meteors will show by its rate of motion that it has been gathered in by the sun's might as a ruler of matter. The planets, indeed, may help the sun to some small extent; but as a rule we may leave their influence out of consideration so far as the meteoric velocities are concerned. What opinion, however, are we to form if any meteors show a rate of motion exceeding that which the sun can impart to them? If observers, having carefully watched a meteor's fiery course from two stations, deduced by calculations of a simple and convincing kind, a rate of motion which is greater than that due to solar attraction, where are we to find the "power" which has caused the meteor to travel with that extra velocity?

Now the most careful observations of meteoric movements do actually show, in many instances, a rate of motion exceeding by many miles per second that which astronomers can fairly account for. Our earth moves at the rate of eighteen miles per second, and a meteor drawn in by the sun's might from a distance exceeding even stellar distances would cross the earth's track at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second. Supposing the meteor to meet the earth full tilt, there would result but a velocity of forty-four miles per second, for the earth's attraction on the meteor would not appreciably increase its velocity. But careful observers tell us that some meteors travel through the air at the rate of sixty, or even seventy or eighty, miles per second. The extra velocity is a peculiarity too well supported by the evidence to be neglected. An explanation must undoubtedly be sought for. But whence is this explanation to be obtained?

There are other bodies in the universe which exert a mightier attraction than our sun, and are, therefore, capable of imparting greater velocities. The star Sirius, for example, must force those meteoric bodies which circle around it to travel at a rate exceeding more than tenfold, at the very least, the velocities imparted to meteors by our sun's influence. It might seem, then, that we need only look to the larger stars—to those suns, that is, which are more massive than our own sun—for the source of these perplexing meteoric velocities. *This would be sufficiently amazing.*

We should be compelled to believe in meteoric voyages, compared with which the journeys of the August and November meteors would be altogether insignificant. We should have to regard some at least of the meteors which our earth encounters as bodies which had traversed the inconceivable distances separating our solar system from the stars. And the wonder would be enhanced by the consideration that a million of years would be insufficient for the least of those tremendous voyages.

But even this explanation is insufficient. It must be accepted as true so far as it extends. Those meteors which enter the earthly atmosphere with the velocities spoken of *must* have come from extra-solar space; they *must* be visitants from the domain of other suns. This is as certain as the conclusions of astronomers respecting the past and future motions of the planets themselves. But this stupendous fact leaves the vast velocities of the meteors still unexplained. And for this simple reason:—Though Sirius and Arcturus certainly, and many other stars probably, are capable of giving to meteors travelling towards them velocities which far exceed those which our sun can impart, yet the velocities those mighty orbs impart they also take away. Conceive for a moment the case of a meteoric body at rest in space, and about as far from Sirius as the nearest fixed star is from the sun. Sirius would draw that body towards himself, at first slowly, and afterwards more quickly, and in the course of about a hundred thousand years the body would be urging its way with inconceivable velocity amidst the planetary domain ruled over by that glorious sun. We can conceive that it would be so far disturbed on its course as not to plunge straight upon the surface of Sirius (as it would certainly do if undisturbed), but that, wheeling at its highest speed close around his mighty globe, it would pass away precisely as a comet passes away from our sun after circling closely round him. At the moment of nearest approach the body would travel at the rate of about five thousand miles per second (at a moderate computation), and this velocity is far greater than any possessed by meteors which approach our own sun. But as the meteor swept away from Sirius, the same surpassing might which had given to the meteor this amazing velocity would continually reduce the meteor's speed. The reduction of speed in retreat would correspond exactly with the acquisition of speed in approach; and when at length the meteor had reached its original

distance, although it would not be reduced strictly to rest at first, yet the motion it would possess (due solely to the disturbing action exerted upon it while traversing the Sirian planetary scheme) would be slower than the motion of the most sluggish river. It could never carry to other systems any appreciable portion of the velocity it had acquired while traversing the system of which Sirius is the ruling centre.

Our difficulty remains, then, still unexplained. But before searching anew for an explanation, we may note another very curious inference from what has already been shown. We have seen that meteoric bodies which travel with such enormous velocities as have been noted in some instances, must certainly have come from the domain of another sun than ours. But precisely as meteors approach our sun, and then pass away for ever, so meteors that come to us from the domain of other stars must, in many instances, have passed into those domains from the domains of yet other stars. Nor can it be regarded as likely in the nature of things that only some two or three such voyages have been performed. On the contrary, it must be regarded as almost certain that, in some cases, meteors traverse inter-stellar spaces many hundreds of times, visiting each time a different stellar domain,—and perhaps even completing more than one circuit around some stars. Remembering that the least interval in which a body can pass from the domain of one star to that of another is about a million of years, we begin to recognize the wonderful antiquity of many of those bodies which have been thought fit emblems of all that is transient and perishable.

But it is when we seek for an explanation of the excess of velocity that we are led to the most startling conclusion. Let it be remembered that this excess of velocity is now regarded by astronomers as a real fact, because the observations which had been considered as doubtful have been confirmed by what has been proved respecting certain meteoric systems. There is such a perfect accordance between the estimated and the actual speed with which the August and November meteors pass through our atmosphere that estimates of the yet higher velocities with which some meteors move cannot be looked on with suspicion. We shall presently see also that there are independent reasons for believing in these amazing velocities.

Let us premise that Dr. Mayer, in his celebrated inquiry into the part which meteors play in the economy of the uni-

verse, has set the excessive velocities of some meteors among the mysteries of the Cosmos; and that, so far as we are aware, no explanation has ever been given of the phenomenon.

Still there are two explanations which seem to be available, though one only, as we judge, is of itself sufficient to account for the peculiarity we are considering. Probably both must in any case be admitted.

The first relates to a fact which is itself among the most amazing with which astronomers have to deal. All the stars are in rapid motion, though seemingly fixed. Amidst those depths where all appears at rest motions are taking place which are so rapid that the mind is utterly unable to conceive them. Masses millions of times larger than our earth are urging their swift career through space with velocities compared with which all the forms of motion with which we are familiar are as absolute rest. Now, it is a well-known law of motion that each kind of movement possessed by a body takes place independently of all the others. The moon circles round the earth as if the earth were not circling round the sun. A body would circle round the moon while she circles round the earth (and with the earth around the sun), precisely as though the moon were at perfect rest. So that the motions of the bodies dependent on any star take place quite independently of the motion by which the star is sweeping amid the depths of the star-system. Our earth, for instance, pursues her course round the sun as steadily as though the sun were at rest, instead of being in rapid motion with all his *cortège* of planets. And the power which a star has of communicating velocity to an approaching dependent body, and of withdrawing velocity from a receding body, has no reference to the motion which the body shares with the star. Take the case of Sirius, for instance. In what we said of him above we regarded him as at rest; and we stated, justly, that he could communicate to a body approaching him from a state of rest an enormous velocity, the whole of which he would withdraw during the recession of the body. But Sirius is, in reality, travelling with great velocity amid the star-depths; and if we conceive the case of a meteoric body circling close around Sirius with the enormous velocity already referred to, we must remember further that that body shares also with Sirius the great velocity wherewith the star is being carried through space. The first velocity Sirius has him-

self communicated, and he not only can, but will, withdraw it wholly from the meteor; but the other velocity he has not imparted, and neither can he withdraw it. The meteor will pass away, and will be reduced to all but rest with respect to Sirius,—that is, to a condition in which it neither approaches nor recedes from the star; but this very state of rest with respect to Sirius implies an enormous velocity with respect to space. Precisely as a body at rest on Sirius, or within his mass, is being carried at the rate of some thirty miles per second through space, so would our meteor possess this enormous real velocity, though reduced to all but absolute rest with respect to Sirius.

Now, bodies passing from the domain of one star to that of another must carry with them this balance of motion which their late ruler has been unable to touch. The effect will be different according to the manner in which they enter the domain of their new ruler; but it may happen in many cases that they will appear to move with the whole of this velocity as an excess of motion over and above that due to the sway of the star ruling them for the time being.

At first sight, it seems as though we have here a sufficient explanation of the peculiarity we are considering. It will presently be shown that some difficulties still remain. But before passing on, let us consider the strange explanation we have been dealing with.

It is, in the first place, a surprising circumstance that the stars should travel so swiftly as they do, amid the depths of space. We do not here speak of this circumstance as surprising merely in the sense in which so many astronomical facts are surprising. It is startling to consider that Sirius is more than a thousand times more massive than our sun, or that the sun is more than a million times larger than the earth on which we live. But there is nothing in these or similar facts, which is not in accordance with our ideas respecting the constitution of the universe. In the rapid motions of the stars, however, there is a source of grave perplexity, in the circumstance that motion is a measure of force, and we cannot understand what the force can be which has produced these motions. The mutual attractions of the stars are utterly unequal to the generation of velocities so enormous. The stars which are the next neighbours of any given star are those which tend most effectually to excite motion in that star; and their attractions counteract each other

because acting in different directions. But supposing all these stars removed to one side of the first, so as to combine their attractions upon it, even *then*, at the enormous real distances separating the stars from each other, the resulting motions would not be comparable with those which actually exist. Thus we have, in the motions of the fixed stars, the evidence of a mighty force other (it would seem) than gravity, and perhaps acting according to other laws.

Now, if the assumed explanation of the rapid motions of meteors be correct, these bodies bring before us, in the most direct possible manner, the effects of this mighty force. They penetrate the atmosphere of our earth with velocities generated either by attracting bodies—non-luminous stars for instance—other than those we are cognizant of, or else by forms of force distinct from the attraction of gravity. Here, then, we have a conception respecting these bodies which is even more startling than the conception that they may be fragments of an exploded world, or that they may bear with them the germs of life. It is true that we know of no instance in which a world has exploded, for astronomers no longer imagine that the asteroids are fragments of a world which once travelled between the paths of Mars and Jupiter; nor is it very easy to conceive how the germs of living things can be preserved under the conditions to which meteors are subject. But volcanic action shows us at least how worlds might be supposed to explode; for we commonly compare a volcano to a safety-valve, and the purpose of a safety-valve is to prevent explosion. And, again, the idea of the conveyance of the germs of life from place to place is one with which we are sufficiently familiar. But in the motions of the meteors we have evidence either of the existence of bodies differing from all with which we are acquainted,—more massive than the suns, but as opaque as the planets,—or else of the action of a force mightier than the force of gravity.

While we may admit, however, that in many instances the great velocities of meteoric bodies may be due to the proper motions of those stars from whose domains the meteors have reached our earth, yet it is difficult to regard this explanation as altogether sufficient. In the first place, there are few stars whose motions are large enough to avail for our purpose. Sirius has a rate of motion altogether exceptional; and it is probable that the average rate of stellar motion does not

exceed four or five miles per second. And again, only a smaller proportion of the meteoric bodies coming from the domain of one star to that of another would show traces of the kind of motion we have been considering. Certainly very few would show an excess of velocity corresponding to the rate of seventy or eighty miles per second, with which meteors have been observed to traverse our atmosphere.

The second explanation of which we have spoken seems required, to interpret what still remains unaccounted for. This explanation is so startling, that at first sight few would be disposed to admit it as even a possibility. However, when theories so surprising as Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis of seedbearing meteorites are submitted to the gravest scientific assemblies, we need not fear to present even so startling a theory as the one we are about to deal with, more especially as we shall be able to exhibit very singular evidences in its favour.

The second explanation is this: that a large proportion of our meteoric visitants have been expelled or erupted from the stars—including our own sun.

The most obvious objection to this hypothesis resides in the fact that what appears an utterly incredible velocity must be communicated to the expelled matter in order to render the explanation available. It is necessary that the stellar volcanoes should propel meteoric matter from their interior with a velocity sufficient to free the missiles for ever thereafter from the control of their parent star. Now, to take the case of our own sun, any matter shot forth from his interior at a rate of less than 380 miles per second would return to him again under the influence of his far-reaching attraction. It would, if undisturbed by planetary attraction, return (after a long excursion) in such sort as to strike his surface as squarely as it had left that surface. But even taking into account all disturbing forces, it would still return to the sun. A velocity exceeding that just named would free the erupted matter from the sun's influence,—to this extent at least, that though the sun would continually retard the motion of the receding matter, he would never be able to destroy that motion or change it into a motion of approach. But it seems incredible that any forces residing in the sun should be competent to propel matter from his globe at a rate so enormous.

And yet the evidence obtained during the past few years respecting the motion of the solar prominences seems to show

that a velocity fully as great as that which we have spoken of may be imparted to matter expelled from the sun's substance. It is generally admitted that the prominences are due to some eruptive, or at least repulsive force exerted by the sun. They have been seen to form like jets from a fountain, rushing forth with incredible velocity till they have attained their greatest height, and then falling back, more or less rapidly, towards the sun's surface. Now estimates have been formed respecting their velocity by direct observation, the powers of the spectroscope availing for this purpose. But we have in the height to which these prominences attain the most satisfactory evidence of the velocity with which the gas comprising them has been propelled from the sun's interior. Assuming only that the prominences are formed of projected matter, we can as certainly determine the rate of propulsion as we can determine at what rate a cannon-ball must be propelled vertically upwards from the earth's surface to reach a given height. At least, we can determine the lowest velocity which would suffice,—supposing we see the full height of the prominences, and nothing happens to check the upward motion of their gaseous substance. But as surely as we know that a cannon-ball must be fired at a much higher velocity to attain a given height through the air than would suffice if it could be fired in a vacuum, so also we can infer that whatever velocity we deduce from the prominence matter, regarding it as projected through vacant space, must fall very far short of the real velocity. May we not even go farther; and consider rather the velocity with which the smoke leaves the mouth of the cannon as compared with that necessary to carry a projectile only to the height reached by the smoke? If we accept this view, and certainly the constitution of the prominences favours the supposition, we should decide that there can be scarcely any comparison between the velocity with which the matter of the prominences is projected from the sun's interior and that which would carry a projectile in a vacuum to the observed height of the prominences.

Now the largest prominence yet seen had the enormous height of 160,000 miles; and a projectile from the sun would require a velocity of 200 miles per second at starting, to attain, even through vacant space, to this vast height. It will scarcely be thought too daring to assert that the matter of this prominence must have had

at least twice this velocity at starting, under the actual circumstances of resistance to which its motion was exposed. Here, then, we have evidence of a propelling force in the sun, fully equal to the discharge of meteoric matter in such sort as never to return either actually to his globe or on an orbital path close by him. If the same discharge which propelled the gaseous substance of the great prominence to a height of 160,000 miles, carried some denser substance along with it (which seems not only credible, but exceedingly likely), and if that substance by virtue of its density passed with much less loss of velocity through the solar atmosphere (as a cannon-ball retains much more of its velocity than the gases propelled along with it), then, unquestionably, the sun rejected that matter *for ever* from his substance on the day that the great prominence was formed. The gas of the prominence was checked in its outward course by the resisting solar atmosphere, the denser matter only by the sun's attractive force; and this force, inconceivably mighty though it is, could only deprive the departing matter of a portion of its velocity. A portion amounting to about 125 miles per second would still remain, and would carry the erupted matter away through space until it entered the domain of some other sun.

It will be observed that, startling though the theory may seem, there is nothing forced about any of the suppositions on which it is based. The theory that the solar prominences are phenomena of eruption is regarded by the leading observers of these objects as highly probable, if not certain. The aspect of these strange formations shows that they are flung through a resisting medium, and therefore it is certain that they must be projected much more swiftly than we should infer by merely regarding them as projectiles flung through a vacuum. It seems highly probable that, as in the case of terrestrial volcanoes and geysers, denser matter is flung forth along with the gases of the prominences. And it is certain that such matter, like the ball from a cannon or stones and cinders from a volcano, would be much less affected by the resistance of the atmosphere than the lighter gaseous matter projected along with it. Admitting these four postulates, of which two are highly probable, and two certainly just, it follows, as an inevitable conclusion, that the sun rejects matter from his substance,—such rejection being final, owing to the enormous velocity imparted to the erupted

matter. And if the sun thus rejects matter, so also do those other suns, the stars. Let us add to this reasoning two facts which have been regarded as severally sufficient to establish the strange theory that many meteors, if not most or even all, have been expelled from the interior of the suns which people space.

One of the most eminent microscopists living, and perhaps the most eminent of all who have applied the microscope to the study of rock-substances—Sorby, of Sheffield—has arrived at the conclusion that the structure of meteorites “cannot be explained in a satisfactory manner, except by supposing that their constituents were originally in the state of vapour, as they now exist in the atmosphere of the sun.”

Again, the late Professor Graham, one of the most eminent chemists of our time, was led to a similar conclusion by the chemical analysis of a meteor. He had found that the iron of the Lenarto meteor contains much more hydrogen (“occluded” in its substance) than can be forced into the substance of malleable iron. “It has been found difficult,” he says, “to impregnate malleable iron with more than its own volume of hydrogen, under the pressure of our atmosphere. Now the meteoric iron (this Lenarto iron is remarkably pure and malleable) gave up about three times that amount, without being fully exhausted. The inference is, that the meteorite was extruded from a dense atmosphere of hydrogen gas, for which we must look beyond the light cometary matter floating about within the limits of our solar system. . . . Hydrogen has been recognized in the spectrum analysis of the light of the fixed stars by Messrs. Huggins and Miller. The same gas constitutes, according to the wide researches of Father Secchi, the principal elements of a numerous class of stars of which Alpha Lyrae is the type. The iron of Lenarto has, no doubt, come from such an atmosphere in which hydrogen greatly prevailed. This meteorite may be looked upon as holding imprisoned within it and bearing to us the hydrogen of the stars.”

We do not indeed suppose that all meteors have had an origin of this sort. It is almost impossible to examine the facts which have been made known respecting meteors without arriving at the conclusion that no inconsiderable proportion of these bodies have not as yet formed part of any of the more massive orbs which are spread throughout the realms of space. It would seem as though two processes were simul-

taneously at work. On the one hand, there is an aggregating process, by which meteoric matter is brought to the surface of orbs, such as the sun and his fellow suns, our earth and other planets, the moon and other orbs which, like her, circle around the members of our own and other solar systems. On the other, there seems to be a process of rejection by which meteoric matter is continually being projected from the substance of the sun and the countless millions of other suns which constitute our galactic system.

We may remark, in passing, that it is not as yet clear whether comets, which are undoubtedly associated with meteors in some unexplained way, are to be regarded as composed of matter which has never yet belonged to the substance of a sun, or as composed of sun-rejected matter. But the paths followed by some comets would lead to the conclusion that these comets at least have been projected with considerable velocity from the interior of stars. It is well known that some of the comets which have appeared in our skies have been found to traverse path so shaped that the comet cannot possibly return to our sun's neighbourhood. When a comet has a path of this sort, we see that it does not belong to our sun's domain, for it is free, after its visit, to retire into the depths of space; nor can the comet have belonged to the domain of the sun it last visited, for otherwise it would not have been free to visit our sun's realm: and tracing back the comet's course through as many visits to different star domains as fancy may suggest, we yet never find that it could have belonged to the domain of any star. The only conceivable explanation of its first appearance on the stellar scene seems to be that which regards it as ejected bodily from some orb among those which shine amid the depths surrounding us. It may seem fanciful to recognize the action of the same sort of repulsive force which first ejected the comet, in the repulsive effect undoubtedly exercised on the matter composing the tails of comets which approach our sun. Yet after all, this repulsive effect, and the enormous velocity of motion which it is capable of producing (as Sir John Herschel has shown) may afford perhaps the most satisfactory solution of the difficulties we have been considering.

The seedbearing meteors of Sir W. Thomson, if their existence be admitted, must be regarded as holding an intermediate position between the two classes of meteors above referred to. They have

neither been for all ages unattached wanderers through space, nor certainly have they been rejected from the fiery interior of a sun such as ours. In fact, Sir W. Thomson tells us very definitely what they are,—they are the fragments of worlds which have been destroyed by collision. It is desirable to present Sir W. Thomson's reasoning in his own words (according to the fullest reports), because full justice has not always been done to him when his startling hypothesis has been described or summarized. The theory is amazing enough even as he presents it; but it is rendered utterly absurd by some of the modifications which it has received in the mouths of exponents.

Let us first consider how the theory was suggested. The questions which have recently been raised respecting the origin of life, could scarcely pass unnoticed in a review of the scientific work of the past year. Accordingly, Sir W. Thomson, as President of the British Association, seemed invited to their discussion. "How did life originate," he asks, "upon the earth? Tracing the physical history of the earth backwards, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence, when the earth was first fit for life, there was no living thing on it. There were rocks, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass, and trees, and flowers spring into existence, in all the fulness of a ripe beauty, by a fiat of Creative power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honour, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative power."

He then proceeds to consider under what circumstances regions which in some respects resemble, or may be supposed to resemble, the lately cooled earth, become under our eyes the abode of abundant life. "When a lava stream flows down the side of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which—for it—originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through

the air, or floated to it on (natural) rafts."

"Is it not possible," he proceeds to ask, "and, if possible, is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall on the earth. Whence come these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are fragments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space, as it is that ships steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space, it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that, in many cases, a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rocks experience in a landslide or in blasting by gunpowder. Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments, carrying seed and living plants and animals, would, undoubtedly, be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as *probable in the highest degree* that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. I am fully conscious," adds the learned mathematician, in conclusion, "that many scientific objections can be urged against this hypothesis; but I believe them to be all answerable,—the theory that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is, that it is not unscientific."

Before considering the statement as to the movements of masses through space,

on which, as on certainties, Sir W. Thomson has based his hypothesis, it may be well to touch briefly on a few incidental considerations. In the first place, it will be noticed that the hypothesis accepts to the full the principle of development as respects life on the earth. For it professes only to explain how the earth may become covered with vegetation, that vegetation being presumably developed from a few primal forms, introduced by meteoric agency. The lower forms of animal life would then be developed from certain forms of vegetable life, and thence higher forms of animal life, and (on our earth at least) man as the highest form. It is, again, to be noticed that the theory does not profess to explain the origin of life generally, but the origin of life upon our earth. Of the two orbs whose collision led to the scattering of seed bearing meteorites for our earth's benefit, one, at least, must have been already the abode of life. The difficulty of the problem discussed by Biogenists and Abiogenists is removed but a step, and remains untouched for one who is ready, with Sir W. Thomson, to adopt as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, the theory that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life. Nor must the fact remain unnoticed that meteors have never been found which either contain or show traces of having once contained the germs of life. It might be expected that, if a globe so vast as our earth could be peopled with all the forms of vegetable and animal life now existing on its surface, through the agency of meteoric stones, some signs of the seed bearing character of meteors would be recognized by microscopists. Yet neither the solid bulk of meteoric stones, nor the light meteoric dust which seems to be at all times sinking through the air, has revealed, under the closest microscopic scrutiny, the slightest trace which could be regarded as confirmatory of Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis.

But the hypothesis is so clearly expressed as to leave us in no doubt of the nature of these probabilities, possibilities, and certainties, in which its author believes. We need not pass backwards to the former history of our own earth, but may proceed to discuss its future fate, as predicted according to this hypothesis. Our earth is certainly to "come into collision with another body comparable in dimensions with itself," and then (if only the earth is in its present condition, as respects the existence of life upon its surface) "many great and small fragments, carrying seed,

and living plants and animals, will undoubtedly be scattered through space."

Now, we venture directly to deny this proposition that the earth will one day *certainly* come into collision with another. It does not seem to us certain even that, amid all the orbs which people the infinity of space, there are two (tenanted by living creatures) which will, even in the infinity of future time, be destroyed by collision. It is absolutely certain that all the primary orbs of our solar system are safe from *mutual* collision or dangerous approach, either now or at any future time; so also the moons of Jupiter are safe from collision or dangerous approach; the moons of Saturn equally safe, and so also the moons of Uranus. Now, so far as analogy can guide us, the suns which form our galaxy must be regarded as equally safe from mutual collision or dangerous approach. Simply by virtue of their motions under the action of gravity, they must be held — judging from analogy — to traverse paths as free from mutual intersections as the paths of the primary orbs of the solar system. If this is so, the worlds over which any sun bears sway are as safe from all risk of collisions with worlds belonging to the domain of other suns as are the moons of Jupiter from risk of collision with the moons of Saturn. It may well be, or rather it is highly probable, so far as all known analogies are concerned, that every risk of collision between worlds belonging to different systems is thus removed. But even if it were not so, if there really is a possibility that some worlds may come into collision and be destroyed, it assuredly cannot be predicated as a certainty respecting any given world — our own, for example — that it will be destroyed by collision at some future date, however distant. Amidst the star-depths, with their uncounted millions of suns — each, perhaps, the centre of a scheme no less important or more important than our solar system — where does Sir W. Thomson find the suns which, by their dangerous proximity to each other, seem to countenance his hypothesis? Not surely among the double, or multiple stars; for whatever collisions may occur among their dependent orbs must be regarded as mere family contests not competent to affect other systems. *Where then?* Astronomy answers confidently that there is no evidence of the sort.

But let us grant, for a moment, that our earth has come into collision with another world, and that many great and small fragments, carrying seed, and living plants

and animals, are scattered through space by the collision, and let us endeavour to ascertain the conditions under which one of these fragments may carry the germs of life to some distant world. It need scarcely be said that the living plants and animals would quickly perish, so that we have only to consider the possibilities relating to the vegetable germs. Now we have no means of determining exactly how long a vegetable germ may retain potential life. Corn-seeds from the Pyramids have germinated, under suitable conditions, here in England, and in our own age; and it is conceivable that the thousands of years which have elapsed in this instance might become millions of years without the vitality of the seeds being affected. Furthermore, it is conceivable that seeds may bear strongly-marked vicissitudes of cold and heat without the destruction of the vital principle contained in them. Yet, when we learn that the fragments of our destroyed earth would be millions of years amid the cold of space (a cold far below the freezing-point), before they approached the domain of another star — even though they made for the nearest star in the heavens — we certainly are not led to entertain a very strong conviction that they would germinate in the first world they chanced to encounter there, or that they would become the means "by what we blindly call natural causes, of its becoming covered with vegetation." But we have further to consider that if our earth were scattered into a million fragments, the chances would be many millions of millions to one against any one of these fragments following a course which would lead it to collision with some world, after but *one* interstellar voyage. It is altogether more probable that every one of the fragments would visit in succession many stars, occupying millions of years in flitting from one to the next, sweeping so closely around some as to be melted, or even vaporized, and subject during the intermediate millions of years to a degree of cold of which we can form no adequate conception. Is it over-daring to assert that no germs would retain the vital principle after such a series of voyages?

It seems to us that astronomers are not free to admit the existence of a class of meteors intermediate to those already considered. There are meteors which bear strongly-marked traces of having been ejected from other suns than ours; and, on the other hand, there are meteors which would seem not to have as yet formed part of any large orb in space. But we have

abundant reasons for questioning whether any meteors are fragments of worlds which have once been the abode of life; while assuredly we seem entitled to reject decisively the theory that such fragments could bear the seeds of life to other worlds. The great mystery of the origin of life upon our own earth has not yet been solved, nor has a path towards its solution been discovered; and even if the strange hypothesis we have been considering had appeared admissible, the mystery of the origin of life in the universe would have remained as inscrutable as ever. The great problem which is at present engaging the attention of biologists—the question whether all the forms of life now existing on the earth have been developed from a few simple forms, or even one—would in fact be replaced by this infinitely more stupendous problem, the question whether all the forms of life existing in all the worlds throughout space have had their origin in some primal form existing at an infinitely remote epoch. And one circumstance, which to some extent gives countenance to the hypothesis of development, even to the mind of those who desire to form the noblest conceptions of the nature of the Deity, is wanting from this amazing extension or perversion of the hypothesis. Development, rightly understood, implies the perfect working of

laws assigned to the universe in the beginning by the Creator; but, according to this new doctrine of development, life passes from world to world in a series of catastrophes. It was rightly objected by Leibnitz, that the views of some religious men in his day implied that the machine of the universe required continual winding-up; but this is little to the teaching of the new hypothesis, according to which the progress of the universe is only secured by repeated collisions. Others, again, have urged that Nature, so far as we can comprehend her acting, seems “in filling a wine-glass, to upset a gallon;” but it was left to this new theory to show that she must destroy two worlds in order to plant a few moss-seeds in a new one.

[Note.—Since the above pages were written, Professor Young has witnessed a solar eruption in which glowing hydrogen passed from a height of 100,000 to a height of 200,000 miles in ten minutes. The last-named height would imply ejection at the rate of 213 miles per second; but the present writer has found, after a careful calculation, that matter ejected at this rate would occupy twenty-six minutes in traversing the observed distance. Hence the velocity of ejection *must* have enormously exceeded 213 miles per second, and atmospheric resistance *must* have acted, depriving the uprising hydrogen of a portion of its excessive velocity, and limiting its range of flight. More condensed matter, flung up along with the hydrogen, would retain a much larger share of the original velocity, which probably exceeded 500 miles per second. Such matter passed for ever from the sun's domain.]

THE following extract is from Rossel's diary kept during his last days. It is dated the 26th of November, and the language is so simple and touching that we leave it in the original.—The day had been rather miserably spent:—

Vers minuit je me suis couché, et presque aussitôt le cours de mes idées a changé. Après tout, pensais-je, combien de mères chaque jour perdent un fils bien-aimé et ne peuvent le disputer à la mort! Le monde est peuplé de semblables douleurs. Et moi, quelle meilleure mort puis-je souhaiter? Cependant, combien les choses en moi répugnaient à la mort! me disais-je; j'ai beau ne pas me plaindre, je sens que j'ai droit d'être plaint. Je n'ai pas assez vécu; j'ai besoin de travailler, de penser, d'agir, d'aimer, d'aimer surtout. Mes poumons sont faits pour respirer longtemps encore, et mon cœur pour battre. Il n'est pas naturel de mourir ainsi! . . . Mes pensées passent si rapides que j'ai peine à les suivre. Je songe combien sont promptes ces dernières heures, et combien change à chaque instant la perspective du passé et de l'avenir. Je ne suis plus ce que j'étais hier: il y a comme des pages entières qui s'effacent du livre de ma

mémoire. Un air de Mozart vient de me passer par la cervelle: que viennent faire ici ces notes joyeuses? Est-ce moi qui savais et qui aimais cet air! Déjà je ne me le rappelle plus et je le cherche en vain. Combien de sentiments, combien de sensations sont ainsi effacés pour ne plus reparaitre! Mais que de douleurs, que d'angoisses ont aussi disparu; que de fautes incorrigibles où je ne retomberai plus, que de reverses amères ne viendront plus m'obséder! Je salue la mort libératrice; ce qu'elle m'apporte compense ce qu'elle m'ôte! . . . Et pourtant j'ai soif de vivre et d'aimer. J'ai entendu sonner minuit trois quarts. Je sonde en mon esprit les éléments du grand problème, l'être, le moi, l'enveloppe organique, la résultante des organes, la résultante des impressions, des affections, des mouvements; où est l'effet, où est la cause? Je m'endors en y songeant.

A VALUABLE discovery of workable lead-ore is announced from Jersey.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE MAID OF SKER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AMONG THE SAVAGES.

At this moment it became a very nice point to perceive what was really honest and right, and then to carry it out with all that fearless alacrity, which in such cases I find to be, as it were, constitutional to me. My high sense of honour would fain persuade me to keep in strictest secrecy that which (so far as I could judge) was not, or might not have been intended for my eyes, or ears or tongue. On the other hand, my still higher sense of duty to my employer (which is a most needful and practical feeling), and that power of loyalty which descends to me, and perhaps will die with me, as well as a strong, and no less ancestral, eagerness to be up to the tricks of all mysterious beings—I do not exaggerate when I say that the cutwater of my poor mind knew not which of these two hands pulled the stronger oar.

In short, being tired, and sleepy, and weary, and worn out with want of perceiving my way, although I smoked three pipes all alone (not from the smallest desire for them, but because I have routed the devil thus many and many a night I know—as the priests do with their incense; the reason of which I take to be, that having so much smoke at home, he shuns it when coming for change of air—growing dreamy thus), I said with nobody to answer me, “I will tumble into my berth, as this dirty craft has no room for hammocks; and, between Parson and Captain, I will leave my dreams to guide me.”

I played with myself, in saying this. No man ever should play with himself. It shows that he thinks too troublesomely; and soon may come, if he carries it on, almost to forget that other people are nothing, while himself is everything. And if any man comes to that state of mind, there is nothing more to hope of him.

I was not so far gone as that. Nevertheless, it served me right (for thinking such dreadful looseness) to have no broad fine road of sleep, in the depth whereof to be borne along, and lie wherever wanted; but instead of that to toss and kick, with much self-damage, and worst of all to dream such murder that I now remember it. What it was, belongs to me, who paid for it with a loss of hair, very serious at my time of life. However, not to dwell upon that, or upon myself in any way—

such being my perpetual wish, yet thwarted by great activity—let it be enough to say that Parson Chowne in my visions came and horribly stood over me.

Therefore, arising betimes, I hired a very fine horse, and manning him bravely, laid his head east and by south, as near as might be, according to our binnacle. But though the wind was abaft the beam, and tide and all in his favour, and a brave commander upon his poop, what did he do but bouse his stem, and run out his spanker-driver, and up with his taffrail, as if I was wearing him in a thundering heavy sea. I resolved to get the upper hand of this uncalled-for mutiny; and the more so because all our crew were gazing, and at the fair I had laid down the law very strictly concerning horses. I slipped my feet out of the chains, for fear of any sudden capsize, and then I rapped him over the cat-heads, where his anchor ought to hang. He, however, instead of doing at all what I expected, up with his bolt-sprit and down with his quarter, as if struck by a whale under his forefoot. This was so far from true seamanship, and proved him to be so unbuilt for sailing, that I was content to disembark over his stern, and with slight concussions.

“Never say die,” has always been my motto, and always will be; nailing my colours to the mast, I embarked upon another horse of less than half the tonnage of that one who would not answer helm. And this craft, being broken-backed, with a strange sound at her portholes, could not under press of sail bowl along more than four knots an hour. And we adjusted matters between us so, that when she was tired I also was sore, and therefore disembarked and towed her until we were both fit for sea again. Therefore it must have been good meridian when I met Parson Chowne near his house.

This man was seldom inside his own house, except at his meal-times, or when asleep, but roving about uncomfortably, seeing to the veriest trifles, everywhere abusing or kicking everybody. And but for the certainty of his witchcraft (ninefold powerful, as they told me, when conferred upon a parson), and the black strength of his eyes, and the doom that had befallen all who dared to go against him, the men about the yards and stables told me—when he was miles away—that they never could have put up with him; for his wages were also below their deserts.

He came to me from the kennel of hounds, which he kept not for his own

pleasure so much as for the delight of forbidding gentlemen, whenever the whim might take him so, especially if they were nobly accoutred, from earning at his expense the glory of jumping hedges and ditches. Now, as he came towards me, or rather beckoned for me to come to him, I saw that the other truly eminent parson, the Reverend John Rambone, was with him, and giving advice about the string at the back of a young dog's tongue. Although this man was his greatest friend, Master Chowne treated him no better than anybody else would fare; but signed to the mate of the hounds, or whatever those fox-hunters call their chief officer, to heed every word of what Rambone said. Because these two divines had won faith, throughout all parishes and hundreds; Chowne for the doctrine of horses; and for discipline of dogs, John Rambone.

His Reverence fixed a stern gaze upon me, because I had not hurried myself—a thing which I never do, except in a glorious naval action—and then he bade me follow him. This I did; and I declare even now I cannot tell whither he took me. For I seemed to have no power, in his presence, of heeding anything but himself: only I know that we passed through trees, and sate down somewhere afterwards. Wherever it was, or may have been, so far as my memory serves, I think that I held him at bay some little. For instance, I took the greatest care not to speak of the fair young lady; inasmuch as she might not have done all she did, if she had chanced to possess the knowledge of my being under the willow-tree. But Parson Chowne, without my telling, knew the whole of what was done: and what he thought of it none might guess in the shadowy shining of his eyes.

"You have done pretty well on the whole," he said, after asking many short questions; "but you must do better next time, my man. You must not allow all these delicate feelings, chivalry, resolute honesty, and little things of that sort, to interfere thus with business. These things do some credit to you, Llewellyn, and please you, and add to your happiness, which consists largely with you (as it does with all men) in conceit. But you must not allow yourself thus to coquet with these beauties of human nature. It needs a rich man to do that. Even add my five shillings to your own four, and you cannot thus go to Corinth."

I had been at Corinth twice, and found it not at all desirable; so I could not make

out what his Reverence meant, except that it must be something bad; which at my time of life should not be put into the mind, even by a clergyman. But what I could least put up with was, the want of encouragement I found for all my better feelings. These seemed to meet with nothing more than discouragement and disparagement whereas I knew them to be sound, substantial and solid; and I always felt upon going to bed what happiness they afforded me. And if the days of my youth had only passed through learned languages, Latin and Greek and Hebrew, I doubt whether even Parson Chowne could have laid his own will upon me so.

"Supposing, then, that your Reverence should make it ten," I answered; "with my own four, that would be fourteen."

"I can truly believe that it would, my man. And you may come to that, if you go on well. Now go into the house and enjoy yourself. You Welshmen are always hungry. And you may talk as freely as you like; which is your next desire. Every word you say will come back to me; and some of it may amuse me. If you have no sense, you have some cunning. You will know what things to speak of. And be sure that you wait until I come back."

This was so wholly below and outside of the thing which I love to reconcile with my own constitution (having so long been respected for them, as well as rewarded by conscience), that I scarcely knew where, or who I was, or what might next come over me. And to complete my uncomfortable sense of being nobody, I heard the sound of a galloping horse down-hill as wild as could be, and found myself left as if all the ideas which I was prepared to suggest were nothing. However, that was not my loss, but his; so I entered the house, with considerable hope of enjoying myself, as commanded. For this purpose I have always found it in the house of a gentleman, the height of luck to get among three young women and one old one. The elderly woman attends to the cooking, which is not understood by the young ones, or at any rate cannot be much expected; while, on the other hand, the young ones flirt in and out in a pleasant way, laying the table and showing their arms (which are of a lovely red, as good as any gravy); and then if you know how to manage them well, with a wholesome deference to the old cook, and yet an understanding—while she is basting, and as one might almost say, behind her back—a confidential feeling established that you

know how she treats those young ones, and how harshly she dares to speak, if a coal comes into the dripping-pan, and in casting it out she burns her face, and abuses the whole of them for her own fault; also a little shy suggestion that they must put up with all this, because the old cook is past sweethearting time, and the parlour-maid scarcely come to it, accompanied by a wink or two, and a hint in the direction of the stables—some of the very noblest dinners that ever I made have been thus introduced. But what forgiveness could I expect, or who would listen to me, if I dared to speak in the same dinner-hour of the goodly kitchen at Candleston Court, or even at Court Ysha, and the place that served as a sort of kitchen, so far as they seemed to want one, at this Nyampton Rectory? A chill came over every man, directly he went into it; and he knew that his meat would be hocks and bones, and his gravy (if any) would stand cold dead. However, I made the best of it, as my manner is with everything; and though the old stony woman sate, and seemed to make stone of every one, I kept my spirits up, and became (in spite of all her stoppage) what a man of my knowledge of mankind must be among womankind. In a word, though I do not wish to set down exactly how I managed it, in half an hour I could see while carefully concealing it, that there was not a single young woman there without beginning to say to herself, "Should I like to be Mrs. Llewellyn?" After that, I can have them always. But I know them too well, to be hasty. No prospects would suit me, at my time of life, unless they came after some cash in hand. The louts from the stables and kennels poured in, some of them very "degustin" (as my Bardie used to say), nevertheless the girls seemed to like them; and who was I, even when consulted, to pretend to say otherwise? In virtue of what I had seen, among barbarous tribes and everywhere, and all my knowledge of ceremonies, and the way they marry one another, it took me scarcely half an hour (especially among poor victuals) to have all the women watching for every word I was prepared to drop. Although this never fails to happen, yet it always pleases me; and to find it in Parson Chowne's kitchen go thus, and the stony woman herself compelled to be bitten by mustard for fear of smiling, and two or three maids quite unfit to get on without warm pats on their shoulder-blades, and the dogs quite aware that men were laughing, and that this meant luck for them if they put

up their noses; it was not for me to think much of myself; and yet how could I help doing it?

In the midst of this truly social joy, and natural commune over victuals, and easing of thought to suit one another in the courtesies of digestion; and just as the slowest among us began to enter into some knowledge of me, in walked that great Parson Rambone, with his hands behind his back, and between them a stout hunting-crop. The maidens seemed to be taken aback, but the men were not much afraid of him.

"What a rare royster you are making! Out by the kennel I heard you. However can I write my sermons?"

"Does your Reverence write them in the kennel?" Thus the chief huntsman made inquiry, having a certain privilege.

"Clear out, clear out," said Rambone, fetching his whip toward all of us; "I am left in authority here, and I must have proper discipline. Mrs. Steelyard, I am surprised at you. Girls, you must never go on like this. What will his Reverence say to me? Come along with me, thou villain Welshman, and give me a light for my pipe, if you please."

It was a sad thing to behold a man of this noble nature, having gifts of everything (whether of body or heart, or soul), only wanting gift of mind; and for want of that alone, making wreck of all the rest. I let him lead me; while I felt how I longed to have the lead of him. But that was in stronger hands than mine.

"Come, and I'll show thee a strange sight, Taffy," he said to me very pleasantly, as soon as his pipe was kindled; "only I must have my horse, to inspire them with respect for me, as well as to keep my distance. Where is thy charger, thou valiant Taffy?"

I answered his Reverence that I would rather travel afoot, if it were not too far; neither could he persuade me, after the experience of that morning, to hoist my flag on an unknown horse, the command of which he offered me. So forth we set, the Parson on horseback, and in very high spirits, trolling songs, leaping hedges, frolicking enough to frighten one, and I on foot, rather stiff and weary, and needing a glass of grog, without any visible chance of getting it.

"Here, you despondent Taffy; take this, and brighten up a bit. It is true you are going to the gallows; but there's no room for you there just now."

I saw what he meant, as he handed me his silver hunting-flask, for they have a fashion about there of hanging bad people

at cross ways, and leaving them there for the good of others, and to encourage honesty. And truly the place was chosen well; for in the hollow not far below it, might be found those savage folk, of whom I said something a good while ago. And I did not say then what I might have said; because I felt scandalized, and unwilling to press any question of doubtful doings upon thoroughly accomplished people. But now I am bound, like a hospital surgeon, to display the whole of it.

"Take hold of the tail of my horse, old Taffy," said his Reverence to me; "and I will see you clear of them. Have no fear, for they all know me."

By this time we were surrounded with fifteen or twenty strange-looking creatures, enough to frighten anybody. Many fine savages have I seen — on the shores of the Land of Fire, for instance, or on the coast of Guinea, or of the Gulf of Panama, and in fifty other places — yet none did I ever come across so outrageous as these were. They danced, and capered, and caught up stones, and made pretence to throw at us; and then, with horrible grimaces, showed their teeth and jeered at us. Scarcely any of the men had more than a piece of old sack upon him; and as for the women, the less I say, the more you will believe it. My respect for respectable women is such that I scarcely dare to irritate them, by not saying what these other women were as concerns appearance. And yet I will confine myself, as if of the female gender, to a gentle hint that these women might have looked much nicer, if only they had clothes on.

But the poor little "piccaninies," as the niggers call them, these poor little devils were far worse off than any hatch of negroes, or Maroons, or copper-colours anywhere in the breeding-grounds. Not so much from any want of tendance or clean management, which none of the others ever got; but from difference of climate, and the moisture of their native soil. These little creatures, all stark naked, seemed to be well enough off for food, of some sort or another, but to be very badly off for want of washing and covering up. And their little legs seemed to be growing crooked; the meaning of which was beyond me then; until I was told that it took its rise from the way they were forced to crook them in, to lay hold of one another's legs, for the sake of natural warmth and comfort, as the winter-time came on, when they slept in the straw all together. I believe this was so; but I never saw it.

The Reverend John Rambone took no other notice of these people than to be amused with them. He knew some two or three of the men, and spoke of them by their nicknames, such as "Brownny," or "Horse-hair," or "Sandy boy;" and the little children came crawling on their bellies to him. This seemed to be their natural manner of going at an early age; and only one of all the very little children walked upright. This one came to the Parson's horse, and being still of a tottery order, laid hold of a fore-leg to fetch up his own; and having such moorage, looked up at the horse. The horse, for his part, looked down upon him, bending his neck, as if highly pleased; yet with his nostrils desiring to snort, and the whole of his springy leg quivering, but trying to keep quiet, lest the baby might be injured. This made me look at the child again, whose little foolish life was hanging upon the behaviour of a horse. The rider perceived that he could do nothing, in spite of all his great strength and skill, to prevent the horse from dashing out the baby's brains with his fore-hoof, if only he should rear or fret. And so he only soothed him. But I, being up to all these things, and full for ever of presence of mind, slipped in under the hold of the horse, as quietly as possible, and in a manner which others might call at the same time daring and dexterous, I fetched the poor little fellow out of his dangerous position.

"Well done, Taffy!" said Parson Jack; "I should never have thought you had sense enough for it. Yon had a narrow shave, my man."

For the horse, being frightened by so much nakedness, made a most sudden spring over my body, before I could rise with the child in my arms; and one of his after-hoofs knocked my hat off, so that I felt truly thankful not to have had a worse business of it. But I would not let any one laugh at my fright.

"A miss is as good as a mile, your Reverence. Many a cannon-ball has passed me nearer than your horse's hoof. Tush, a mere trifle! Will your Reverence give this poor little man a ride?" And with that I offered him the child upon his saddle-bow, naked, and unwashed, and kicking.

"Keep off, or you shall taste my horse-whip. Keep away with your dirty brat — and yet — oh, poor little devil! If I only had a cloth with me!"

For this parson was of tender nature, although so wild and reckless; and in his light way he was moved at the wretched

plight of this small creature, and the signs of heavy stripes upon him. Not all over him, as the Parson said, being prone to exaggerate; but only extending over his back, and his hams, and other convenient places. And perhaps my jacket made them smart, for he roared every time I lifted him. And every time I set him down, he stared with a wistful kind of wonder at our clothes, and at the noble horse, as if he were trying to remember something. "Where can they have picked up this poor little beggar?" said Parson Jack, more to himself than to me: "he looks of a different breed altogether. I wonder if this is one of Stoyle's damned tricks." And all the way back he spoke never a word, but seemed to be worrying with himself. But I having set the child down on his feet, and dusted my clothes, and cleaned myself, followed the poor little creature's toddle, and examined him carefully. The rest of the children seemed to hate him, and he, to shrink out of their way almost; and yet he was the only fine and handsome child among them. For in spite of all the dirt upon it, his face was honest, and fair, and open, with large soft eyes of a dainty blue, and short thick curls of yellow hair that wanted combing sadly. And though he had rolled in muddy places, as little wild children always do, for the sake of keeping the cold out, his skin was white, where the mud had peeled, and his form lacked nothing but washing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN A STATE OF NATURE.

Now all these things contributed, coming as they did so rapidly, to arouse inside me a burning and almost desperate curiosity. It was in vain that I said to myself "these are no concerns of mine: let them manage their own affairs: the less I meddle, the better for me: I seem to be in a barbarous land, and I must expect things barbarous. And after all, what does it come to, compared with the great things I have seen, ay, and played my part in?" To reason thus, and regard it thus, and seek only to be quit of it, was a proof of the highest wisdom any man could manifest: if he could only stick to it. And this I perceived, and thus I felt, and praised myself for enforcing it so; until it became not only safe, but a bounden duty to reward my conscience by a little talk or so.

Hence I lounged into the stableyard — for that terrible Chowne was not yet come

back, neither were maids to be got at for talking, only that stony Steelyard — and there I found three or four shirt-sleeved fellows, hissing at horses, and rubbing away, to put their sleeping polish on them, before the master should return. Also three or four more were labouring in the stalls very briskly, one at a sort of holy-stoning, making patterns with brick and sand, and the others setting up the hammocks for the nags to lie in, with a lashing of twisted straw aft of their after-heels and taffrails, as the wake of a ship might be. And all of it done most ship-shape. This amused me mightily; for I never had seen such a thing before, even among wild horses, who have power to manage their own concerns. But to see them all go in so snugly, and with such a sweet, clean savour, each to his own oats or mashings, with the golden straw at foot, made me think, and forced me to it, of those wretched white barbarians (white, at least, just here and there), whom good Parson Jack — as one might almost try to call him — had led me to visit that same afternoon.

Perceiving how the wind sate, I even held back, and smoked a pipe, exactly as if I were overseer, and understood the whole of it, yet did not mean to make rash reproach. This had a fine effect upon them, especially as I chewed a straw, by no means so as to stop my pipe, but to exhibit mastery. And when I put my leg over a rail, as if I found it difficult to keep myself from horseback, the head-man came to me straightforward, and asked me when I had hunted last.

I told him that I was always hunting week-days, and Sundays, and all the year round, because it was our fashion; and that we hunted creatures such as he never had the luck to set eyes on. And when I had told him a few more things (such as flow from experience, when mixed with imagination), a duller man than myself might see that he longed for me to sup with him. And he spoke of things that made me ready, such as tripe and onions.

However, this would never do. I felt myself strongly under orders, and but for this paramount sense of duty, never could I have done the things modestly mentioned as of yore; and those of hereafter tenfold as fine, such as no modesty dare suppress. So when I had explained to him exactly how I stood about it, he did not refuse to fill his pipe with a bit of my choice tobacco, and to come away from all idle folk, to a place in the shelter of a rick, where he was sure to hear the hoofs of his master's horse returning. I sate

with him thus, and we got on well; and as he was going to marry soon the daughter of a publican, who had as good as fifty pounds, and nothing that could be set on fire, and lived fifty miles away almost, he did not mind telling me all the truth, because he saw that I could keep it; and at his age he could not enter into the spirit of being kicked so. I told him I should like to see a man kick me! But he said that I might come to it.

This was a very superior man, and I durst not contradict him; and having arranged so to settle in life, how could he hope to tell any more lies? For I have always found all men grow pugnaciously truthful, so to put it, for a month almost before wedlock; while the women are doing the opposite. However, not to go far into that, what he told me was much as follows:—

Parson Chowne in early life, before his mind was put into shape for anything but to please itself, had been dreadfully vexed and thwarted. Every matter had gone amiss, directly he was concerned in it; his guardians had cheated him, so had his step-mother, so had his favourite uncle, and of course so had his lawyers done. In the thick of that bitterness, what did his sweetheart do but throw him over. She took a great scare of his strange black eyes, when she found that his money was doubtful. This was instinct, no doubt, on her part, and may have been a great saving for her; but to him it was a terrible loss. His faith was already astray a little; but a dear wife might have brought it back, or at any rate made him think so. And he was not of the nature which gropes after the bottom of everything, like a twisting auger. Having a prospect of good estates, he was sent to London to learn the law, after finishing at Oxford, not that he might practise it, but to introduce a new element to the county magistrates, when he should mount the bench among them. Here he got rogued, as was only natural, and a great part of his land fell from him, and therefore he took to the clerical line; and being of a stern and decided nature, he married three wives, one after the other, and thus got a good deal of property. It was said, of course, as it always is of any man thrice a widower, that he or his manner had killed his wives; a charge which should never be made without strong evidence in support of it. At any rate there had been no children; and different opinions were entertained whether this were the cause or effect of the Parson's dislike and contempt of little

ones. Moreover, as women usually are of a tougher staple than men can be, Chowne's successive liberation from three wives had added greatly to his fame for witch-craft, such as first accrued from his commanding style, nocturnal habits, method of quenching other people, and collection of pots and kettles. The head-groom told me, with a knowing wink, that in his opinion the Parson was now looking after wife No. 4, for he never had known him come out so smart with silver heels and crested head-piece, and even the mark of the saddle must not show upon his breeches. This was a sure sign, he thought, that there was a young lady in the wind, possessing both money and good looks, such as Chowne was entitled to, and always had insisted on. Upon that point I could have thrown some light (if prudence had permitted it), or at least I had some shrewd suspicions, after what happened beside the river; however, I said nothing. But I asked him what in his opinion first had soured the young man Chowne against the whole of the world so sadly, as he seemed to retain it now. And he answered me that he could not tell, inasmuch as the cause which he had heard given seemed to him to be most unlikely, according to all that he saw of the man. Nevertheless I bade him tell it, being an older man than he was, and therefore more able to enter into what young folk call "inconsistencies." And so he told me that it was this. Chowne, while still a young boy, had loved, with all the force of his heart, a boy a few years younger than himself, a cousin of his own, but not with prospects such as he had. And this boy had been killed at school, and the matter hushed up comfortably among all high authorities. But Stoyke Chowne had made a vow to discover and hunt it out to the uttermost, and sooner or later to have revenge. But when his own wrongs fell upon him, doubtless he had forgotten it. I said that I did not believe he had done so, or ever would, to the uttermost.

Then I asked about Parson Jack, and heard pretty much what I expected. That he was a well-meaning man enough, although without much sense of right or wrong, until his evil star led him into Parson Chowne's society. But still he had instincts now and then, such as a horse has, of the right road; and an old woman of his church declared that he did feel his own sermons, and if let alone, and listened to, might come to act up to them. I asked whether Parson Chowne might do the like, but was told that he never preached any.

We were talking thus, and I had quite agreed to his desire of my company for supper-time, when the sound of a horse upon stony ground, tearing along at a dangerous speed, quite broke up our conference. The groom, at the sound of it, damped out his pipe, and signified to me to do the same.

"I have fired a-many of his enemies' ricks," he whispered, in his haste and fright; "but if he were to smell me a-smoking near to a rick of his own, good Lord!" and he pointed to a hay-rope, as if he saw his halter. And though he had boasted of speedy marriage, and caring no fig for Parson Chowne, he set off for the stables at a pace likely to prove injurious to his prospects of paternity.

On the other hand, I, in a leisurely manner, picked myself up from the attitude natural to me when listening kindly, and calmly asserting my right to smoke, approached the track by which I knew that the rider must come into the yard; for all the dogs had no fear of me now, by virtue of the whistle which I bore. And before I had been there half a minute, the Parson dashed up with his horse all smoking, and himself in a heavy blackness of temper, such as I somehow expected of him.

"No Jack here! not a Jack to be seen! Have the kindness to look for my stable-whip. Ho, Llewellyn is it?"

"Yes, your Reverence, David Llewellyn, once of his Majesty's Royal Navy, and now of—"

"No more of that! You have played me false. I expected it from a rogue like you. Restore me that trust-guinea."

This so largely differed from what even Anthony Stew would dare to say in conversation with me (much less at times of evidence), that I lifted up my heart to heaven, as two or three preachers had ordered me; and even our parson had backed it up, with lineage at least as good and perhaps much better than Parson Chowne's by right of Welsh blood under it: the whole of this overcame me so, that I could only say, "What guinea, sir?"

"What guinea, indeed! You would rob me, would you? Don't you know better than that, my man? Come to me in two hours' time. Stop, give me that dog's whistle!"

Taking that heed of me, and no more, he cast the reins to my friend the head-groom, who came up, looking for all the world as if never had he seen me, and wondered strangely who I could be. And this air of fright and denial always pervaded the whole household. All of which

was quite against what I had been long accustomed to, wherever I deigned to go in with my news to the servants' place, or the house-keeper's room, or anywhere pointed out to me as the best for entertainment. Here, however, although the servants seemed to be plentiful enough, and the horses and the hounds to have as much as they could eat, there was not a trace of what I may call good domestic comfort. When this prevails, as it ought to do in every gentleman's household, the marks may be discovered in the eyes and the mouth of everybody. Nobody thinks of giving way to injudicious hurry when bells ring, or when shouts are heard, or horses' feet at the front door. And if on the part of the carpeted rooms any disquietude is shown, or desire to play, or feed, or ride, at times outside the convenience of the excellent company down-stairs, there is nothing more to be said, except that it cannot be done, and should never in common reason have been thought of. For all servants must enjoy their meals, and must have time to digest them with proper ease for conversation and expansion afterwards. At Candleston Court it was always so; and so it should be everywhere.

However, to return to my groom, whose cordiality revived at the moment his master turned the corner, perceiving that Chowne had some matter on hand which would not allow him to visit the stables, just for the present at any rate, he turned the black mare over to the care of an understrapper, and with a wink and a smack of his lips, gave me to know that his supper was toward. Neither were we disappointed, but found it all going on very sweetly, in a little private room used for cleaning harness. And he told me that this young cook-maid, of unusual abilities, had attached herself to him very strongly, with an eye to promotion, and having no scent of his higher engagement: neither would he have been unwilling to carry out her wishes if she could only have shown a sixpence against the innkeeper's daughter's shilling. I told him that he was too romantic, and he said with a sigh that he could not help it; but all would come right in the end, no doubt.

This honest affection impressed me not a little in his favour, and in less than half an hour I found him a thoroughly worthy fellow: while he perceived, through a square-stalked rumner, that my character was congenial. I told him therefore some foreign stories, many of which were exceedingly true, and he by this time was ready to answer almost anything that I

chose to ask, even though he knew nothing about it. As for the people that wore no clothes, but lived all together in the old mud-house, there need be and could be no mystery. Every one knew that his Reverence had picked them up in his early days, and been pleased with their simple appearance and dislike of cultivation. Perceiving even then how glad he might be, in after-life, to annoy his neighbours, what did he do but bring these people (then six in number, and all of them wives and husbands to one another) and persuade them to dig themselves out a house, and by deed of gift establish them on forty acres of their own land, so that, as Englishmen love to say, their house was now their castle. Not that these were perhaps English folk, but rather of a Gipsy cross, capable, however, of becoming white if a muscular man should scrub them. The groom said that nobody durst go near them, except Parson Chowne and Parson Jack, and that they seemed to get worse and worse, as they began to be persecuted by clothes-wearing people. I asked him what their manners were; and he said he believed they were good enough, so long as not interfered with; and who could blame them for maintaining that whether they wore clothes or not was entirely their own concern: also, that if outer strangers intruded, from motives of low curiosity, upon their unclad premises, it was only fair to point out to them the disadvantages of costume, by making it very hard to wash? There was some sense in this, because the main anxiety of mankind is to convert one another; and the pelting of mud is usually the beginning of such overtures. And these fine fellows having recurred (as Parson Chowne said) to a natural state, their very first desire would be to redeem all fellow-creatures from the evils of civilization. Whereof the foremost perhaps is clothes, and the time we take in dressing — a twelfth part of their waking life with even the wisest women, and with the unwise virgins often not less than three-quarters; and with many men not much better. — But to come back to my savages. I asked this good groom how it came to pass that none of the sheriffs, or deputies, or even magistrates of the shire, put down this ungodly company. He said that they had tried, but failed, according to the laws of England, on the best authority. Because these men of the ancient Adam went back to the time before the beasts had come to Adam to get their names. They brought up their children without a name, and now all

names were dying out, and they agreed much better in consequence. And how could any writ, warrant, or summons run against people without a name? It had once been tried with a "Nesho Kiss," the meaning of which was beyond me; but Parson Chowne upset that at once; and the bailiff was fit to make bricks of.

At this I shook my head and smiled; because we put up with many evils on our side of the water, but never with people so unbecoming in their manner of life and clothes. And I thought how even mild Colonel Lougher would have behaved upon such a point, and how sharp Anthony Stew would have stamped when they began to pelt him; and how I wished him there to try it!

Nevertheless I desired to know what victuals these good barbarians had; because, although like the Indian Jogis (mentioned by some great traveller) they might prove their right to go without clothes, which never were born upon them, they could not to my mind prove their power to do so well without victuals. He answered that this was a clever thing on my part to inquire about; but that I was so far wrong that these people would eat anything. His Reverence sent them every week the refuse of his garden, as well as of stable-yard and kennel, and they had a gift of finding food in everything around them. Their favourite dish — so to say, when they had never a dish among them — was what they discovered in the pasture-land; and this they divided carefully, accounting it the depth of shame, and the surest mark of civilization, to cheat one another. But they could not expect to get this every day, in a neighbourhood of moorland; therefore, instead of grumbling, they did their best to get on without it. And Providence always sends thousands of victuals for all whose stomachs have not been ruined by thinking too much about them; or very likely through the women beginning to make them delicate. So when a man is seasick he thinks of and hates almost everything.

On the other hand, these noble fellows hated nothing that could be chewed. Twenty-one sorts of toad-stool, with the insects which inhabit them; three varieties of eft, and of frogs no less than seven; also slugs six inches long, too large to have a house built; moles that live in lines of decks, like a man-of-war's-man; also rats, and brindled hedge-hogs, and the grubs of hornets (which far surpass all oysters) — these, and other little things, like goat-moths, leopards, and money-

grubs, kept them so alive as never to come down on the parish. Neither was there any hen-roost, rickyard, apple-room, or dairy, on the farms around them, but in it they found nourishment. Into all this I could enter, while the groom only showed the door of it.

But while we were talking thus, I heard the stable-clock strike eight, which brought Hezekiah to my mind, and my own church-clock at Newton. It struck in such a manner that I saw the door of my own cottage, also Bunny in bed, with her nostrils ready to twitch for snoring, and mother Jones, with a candle, stooping to ease her by means of a drop of hot grease; and inside, by the wall, lay Bardie sleeping (as she always slept) with a smile of high-born quietude. And what would all three say to me if ever I got back again?

Thinking this excellent groom for all his hospitality to me, and promising at his desire to keep it from his master, I took my way (as pointed out) to the room where his Reverence might be found. I feared that his temper would be black, unless he had dined as I had supped, and taken a good glass afterwards. And I could not believe what the groom had told me concerning one particular. There is a most utterly pestilent race arising, and growing up around us, whose object is to destroy old England, by forbidding a man to drink. St. Paul speaks against them, and all the great prophets. Also one of the foremost parables is concerning bottles, as especially honest things (while bushels are to the contrary), and the tendency of all Scripture is such — whichever Testament you take — that no man in his wits can doubt it. And though I never read the Koran, and only have heard some verses of it, I know enough to say positively that Mahomet began this movement to establish Antichrist.

However, my groom said that Parson Chowne, though not such a fool as to stop other people, scarcely ever took a drop himself; and his main delight was to make low beasts of the clergy who had no self-command. And two or three years ago he had played a trick on his brother parsons, such as no man would ever have tried who took his own glass in moderation and enjoyed it heartily, as Scripture even commands us to do, to promote good-fellowship, and discretion. Having a power of visitation, from some faculty he enjoyed, he sent all round to demand their presence at a certain time, for dinner. All the parsons were glad enough, especially as their wives could not, in good manners, be in-

vited, because there was now no Mrs. Chowne. And they saw a rare chance to tell good stories, and get on without the little snaps which are apt to occur among ladies. Therefore they all appeared in strength, having represented it as a high duty, whatever their better halves might think. When a parson says this, his wife must knock under, or never go to church again. Being there, they were treated well, and had the good dinner they all deserved, and found their host very different from what they had been led to expect of him. He gave them as much wine as they needed, and a very good wine too. He let them tell their stories, though his own taste was quite different; and he even humoured them so as to laugh the while he was despising them. And though he could not bear tobacco, that and pipes were brought in for them.

All went smoothly until one of them, edged on by the others, called for spirits and hot water. This Master Chowne had prepared for, of course, and meant to present the things in good time; but now being gored thus in his own house, the devil entered into him. His dark face grew of a leaden colour, while he begged their pardon. Then out he went to Mother Steelyard, and told her exactly what to do. Two great jacks of brown brandy came in, and were placed upon the table, and two silver kettles upon the hobs. He begged all his guests to help themselves, showing the lemons and sugar-caddy, the bottles, and kettles, and everything: and then he left them to their own devices, while he talked with Parson Jack, who had dropped in suddenly.

Now, what shall I tell you came to pass — as a very great traveller always says — why, only that these parsons grew more drunk than despair, or even hope. Because, in the silver kettles was not water, but whiskey at boiling-point, and the more they desired to weaken their brandy, the more they fortified it; until they tumbled out all together, in every state of disorder. For this he had prepared, by placing at the foot of his long steps half-a-dozen butts of liquid from the cleaning of his drains, meant to be spread on the fields next day. And into the whole of this they fell, and he bolted the doors upon them.

This made a stir in the clerical circles, when it came to be talked about; but upon reference to the bishop, he thought they had better say nothing about it, only be more considerate. And on the whole it redounded gently to the credit of Parson Chowne.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE CURRENT STREET BALLADS OF
IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM BARRY.

AMONG the series of ballads composed by Mr. Thackeray, the reader may recollect the Molony division, supposed to be the contributions of an Irish minstrel who had a trick of putting his social, political, and sentimental views into verses of a very quaint and original pattern. Maginn, Father Prout, and Lover had indeed previously discovered the humorous value of the notion which consisted in nothing more than giving a certain artistic expression to forms of lyrical doggerel which were extremely popular in Ireland. It is curious enough that the taste for these odd effusions still survives amongst a people who are becoming thoroughly Anglicized in most of their habits and customs. The fairies have gone from the land, the Holy Wells are neglected, the cry of the Banshee is never heard, the wakes are decorous, the Chincauns have abandoned the hills, the waters of Killarney are deserted by the equestrian spectre of O'Donoghue, but the ballad—the Molony ballad—flourishes as briskly as ever. At the race-courses, fairs, and regattas, the ballad minstrel is certain of bringing about him or her a large audience, and may be seen disposing of the wares in thick sheaves at the close of each ditty. The peasantry when coming to the market town for small purchases, invariably bring back in a basket or wallet the newest ballad; and in the cabins, and even farmhouses, a few of the broadsheets will be found pasted on the walls under the coloured effigy of a saint performing a miracle, or of Napoleon prancing over the peaks of the Alps on a steed. It should be noted that the Irish street ballad has nothing but its bad type and paper in common with the Catnach doggerel sung by the bawling vagabonds who hawk gallows and gutter literature about London. It is rarely indeed coarse; it is never consciously blasphemous. The ruffians in college gowns who here attend park meetings, chanting a mock litany and mock hymns would be stripped of their trappings, and probably put under a pump, by an Irish mob, before they had well roared through the introduction of their entertainment. The audience of the Irish ballad-monger and singer never relish an indecent or irreverent allusion. They enjoy fun, pathos, and an odd kind of gentility—yes, gentility is the word—in the verses. The ballads are thickly ornamented with big

words thrown into them, for the sake of display rather than of sense. They have an air of ragged, boastful scholarship, that is quite indescribable. References to classic deities and names are abundant; and Virgil, Ovid, and Homer are alluded to in a tone of confident acquaintance with these writers. The fact is, that most of the older ballads were manufactured by the hedge-schoolmasters and by the poor scholars, as they were called. The hedge-schoolmaster was not unfrequently an aspirant for admission to Maynooth, who underwent a severe course of self-preparation by acquiring some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Having failed in his main enterprise, having discovered that he had no "vocation," the rejected or disappointed candidate for the priesthood, unfit for field labour, and too old to learn a trade, possessing pedantic pride in his learning, such as it was, usually set up as a teacher of the rustics, and as the local bard and poet of his parish. To him we are probably indebted for the mythological machinery of the ballad. This element has been retained in the current lyrics with singular fidelity to the traditional construction of the lays of the ditch-pedagogues.

The passion of love forms, of course, one of the principal themes of the Irish ballad-monger. He treats the subject generally, with a modest gallantry and distance which is now out of date with poets. His alarms, distractions, and fevers are expressed in language suggestive of our modish period, when ladies and gentlemen addressed each other as nymphs and swains. These songs remind you at once of the coffee-house Eclogues in which battered town toasts and hooped beauties were depicted listening to the flageolets of shepherds, and the elegant miseries of rural lovers with Virgilian titles. The minstrel seldom very much despairs or threatens to die when deceived, or when the object of his affection is inaccessible. Here is a stanza from "The Western Cottage Maid," a popular Munster lyric, in which the reader will perceive how completely naturalized the celebrities of heathenness are in the productions to which I am referring:—

"It was in the month of May, when lamkins sport and play,

As I roved out for sweet recreation,

I espied a lovely maid sequestered in a shade,

On her beauty I gazed with admiration.

How graceful and divine, how benignant and sublime,

More delicious than the fragrance of Flora;

More splendid, tall, and straight, than the
poet can implicate

Of the celebrated beauty called Pandora.
To see her rolling eyes, like stars in azure
skies,

Or bright Cynthia when ascending from
the ocean;
To see her golden hair hang on her shoulders
fair;
She's an ornament of beauty and propor-
tion."

In another song the poet describes a
catastrophe which occurred to him in the
character of a sportsman. While on a
shooting expedition he sees his mistress
taking shelter from the rain under a tree.
She has turned her apron over her head,
and in this guise he mistakes her for a
swan in the dusk, and kills her on the spot.
The moral of the tragic story is contained
in the opening verse :—

"Come, all ye wild fowlers that follow the gun,
Beware of late shooting at the setting of the
sun.

It is on a misfortune that happened of late
On Molly Bawn Gowrie, and her fortune
was great."

The ballad of "Molly Astore" is a high
favourite, possessing an amount of literary
polish and careful rhythm which raises it
above the level of its order :—

"As down on Banna's banks I strayed
One morning in May,
The little birds with blithest notes
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little tales of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er.
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore !

"The daisy pied and all the sweets
The days of nature yield,
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the field :
Such fragrance on the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore !

"Oh, had I all the flocks that grazed
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pastures fill,
For her I love I'd freely part
My kind and fleecy store.
A grammachree, etc.

"Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
For thee I'll ever mourn;
While life remains in Patrick's breast,
For thee 'twill ever burn.
Tho' thou art false, may Heaven pour
Its choicest blessings down.
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore !"

Many of the love lyrics allude to the
good fortune which sometimes befell farm-
ers' boys, by ladies of rank and station
marrying them off-hand, and then starting
with them for America.

"You lovers now, both one and all,
Attend unto my theme;
There is none on earth can pity me
But them that feel the pain.
I lived between Rathcormac
And the town of sweet Fermoy,
But now I'm in America
With my father's servant boy !"

Ladies are in these effusions generally
distinguished by their complexions; thus
we get the "Colleen Bawn" (the fair girl),
the "Colleen Rhue" (the red-haired girl).
The "Colleen Rhue" is a very old and
popular composition. It should be under-
stood that the word *Rhu* does not signify
brown or auburn, but that downright red
that was so fashionable a dye for the hair
a few seasons ago in London and which is
said to have been the colour of those
tresses which Paris admired on Helen.
There is a prevalent opinion in the country
that the red-haired people are descendants
of the Danes, but the belief at any rate
does not seem to have created a prejudice
against them, as the bards constantly refer
in the most enthusiastic terms to the wo-
men of this complexion. In the "Colleen
Rhue" we have the poet describing how he
walked out on a summer's morning, and
suddenly beheld a lovely creature approach-
ing him, whom he addresses in a mythologi-
cal vein of compliment.

"Are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
Aurenana (*sic*) or Venus bright,
Or Helen fair, that goddess rare,
That Paris stole from Grecian sight?

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me,
With your false praises so jestingly.
I'm not Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
But a rural female to all men's view,
And my appellation is the Colleen Rhue.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor,
Who died a prey to the Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various,
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill,
I'd range through Asia, likewise Arabia,
Or Pennsylvania, seeking for you,
Or seek burning regions, like famed Orpheus,
For one embrace of thee, Colleen Rhue."

The lady rejects these advances with con-
siderable warmth, and the poet apostro-
phizes the gods, begs of them to take pity
on his sufferings, and assist him in finding
a mistress who will not treat him as cru-
elly as the red-haired girl.

"Now, ye gods and goddesses, whose power is prevailing,

Give ear, I pray you, to my sorrowful tale;
Likewise, ye Muses, who ne'er refuses,
The wounds of Cupid I pray to heal.

A peregrination to a foreign nation,
My determination, I hope, will prove true,
In hopes to find a maid more kind,
Than that blooming fair one, sweet Colleen Rhue."

A ballad known as the "Mountain Phoenix" is of a more practical turn, and celebrates the domestic felicity of a personage who has the good fortune to be married to a "juvenile damsel" who is as learned in household duties as Mrs. Primrose, and who is also an accomplished artist in embroidery.

"She'd draw with her needle the map of old Erin,
The Garden of Eden, and the Temple of Rome,
The ship in full sail when she's ploughing the ocean,
The fox in the chase, and the goose that he stole.

"How happy I feel when I'm out in the garden,
To know that young Peggy is cheerful at home;
She's at work in the house or she's rocking the cradle,
Or singing a song the child to console.
She's always in humour, and never contrary,
But smiling and pleasing wherever she go,
And she nurses the baby without hesitation,
While we feel as content as the king on his throne."

The Irish peasant's interest in field sports—hunting especially—is strong enough to establish a sentiment of admiration and respect for each local master of foxhounds; and hence we find a section of the ballad literature devoted to chronicling performances in the pigskin. The point at which the hounds meet in Ireland is attended by a host of enthusiastic idlers, who will even run on foot for a considerable distance after the chase, neglecting their work with a happy-go-lucky indifference as to the result which renders their enjoyment of the recreation as complete as if they could afford to command it at pleasure. It is difficult to conceive, much more to depict, the intense concern and emotion with which they will watch the career of a certain racehorse, especially if the horse bears an Irish name; the delight with which they will hang on the skirts of a coursing match, or volunteer as beaters and game-carriers for the fowler. Unlike the English peasantry or yeoman

classes, the Irish farmer or peasant is all most invariably ignorant of the gambling associations of Cup events, or of the perilous excitements of poaching. The ballad-mongers, in preparing sporting lyrics for their patrons, always confine themselves to the healthy and legitimate aspects of the different pursuits which they chronicle. The "County Galway Blazers" have had as many songs written about them as would fill a volume. I suspect that the masters of the renowned pack must have kept a poet for the kennel, who was probably changed during successive administrations of the hunt. A catalogue of names hints at individual subsidies to the bard, demanded on the principle of contributions to a book of peerage, or on the plan of supplying a church window with stained glass by charging certain willing parishioners for the honour of exhibiting their coats of arms in the transparency.

"Hark, the morning breeze salutes the slumbering trees;
The ant and humming bees their labour doth begin.
The lark aloft doth wing, and cheerfully doth sing,
To praise our potent King while sluggards sleep in sin.
The shepherds' lutes distil their dancing canticle;
The stag ascends the hill while the fox runs through the dew;
Poor puss in terror flies, her footsteps in disguise.
Arise, ye Blazers, rise, and take the morning dew!

"These Blazers we can trace from a great Milesian race,
Whose birth without disgrace our poet can extol;
Great Burkes and Blakes you know, young Kirwan also,
Great Perse of Roxboro', where peers did often call.
There's Yelvertons and Bradys, Walshes, Daroys, Dalys,
Butlers, Lamberts, Halys, and Dillons likewise;
There's Nurents, Kellys, Frenches, Rathburnis, Trenches,
Hamiltons and Lynchcs, all where Reynard dies!"

"Russell's Hunt" is worth quoting a verse of, if only to show the ingenious manner in which the poet casts away the trammels of rhyme:—

"Ye Muses nine, your aid incline while I relate of hunting,
Brave Michael Russell of Ballinabowla exceeds all other sportsmen.

For fishing, fowling, coursing, grouching and hunting in due season,
For steeple-chase, fox-hunting race, all other men has headed."

Attached to nearly every town is a minstrel, who is invariably supplied with at least one ditty descriptive of the landscape and romantic attractions of the locality. This ballad is mostly inscribed "In Praise" — of Cork, of Dublin, or wherever the place it was fitted for might be. Not only the towns, but rivers and country seats and mansions have their "praises" chaunted. Kilkee (a small watering-place in Clare) is thus celebrated: —

"Kilkee by the ocean, you're handsome
In the West of the land co. Clare,
Where statesmen and ladies of honour
They go for to take the fresh air.
The breeze from the green swelling water
Is good for the health to repair,
And houses quite fit for an earl
You will find in Kilkee, I declare."

The concluding verse finishes with a rather equivocal hint as to the impression made on a visitor by Kilkee on the whole: —

"The strand is the finest for certain
That ever mine eyes did behold,
And boxes for ladies while bathing,
In case that the day may be cold!
So when you repair to your lodging,
The natives are generous and kind;
*No doubt but you'll give them your blessing
The day that you leave them behind.*"

Of the river Lee there are hundreds of "praises." Here is a specimen of one, which is being constantly reissued: —

"On the banks of the Lee the angler finds pleasure,
Casting his fly with judgment and skill;
Each purring fine stream he can fish at his leisure,
The salmon and trout he is certain to kill.
The lark and sweet linnet to the sportsman give pleasure,
The blackbird and thrush in sweet concert together,
The woodcock and partridge, the grouse and the plover,
The fowler can meet on the banks of the Lee."

It is difficult at present to find any traces of political street ballads in Ireland. The prosecutions for seditious literature, and the zeal of the constabulary in arresting the few musical apostles of rebellion, appear to have effectually prevented the manufacture or performance of Tyburn doggerels. The national poems of the newspapers — many of them exceedingly

vehement and pathetic productions — do not in reality touch the masses of the people. They form the reading of the artisans and shopmen, who indulge in more or less sentimental patriotism. In the former periods of insurrection this was not the case. The masses of the people, the peasantry especially, were regularly instructed in treason by the wandering ballad-singers who were coached and crammed by the leaders of movements against English rule. The ballads were then either sung in the Irish language, or the translations were veiled in the most cautious manner, like the Charlie songs, and the different Stuart toasts of Jacobites. Many of these compositions were never committed to print, but were handed on from bard to bard, from one fireside to another. There are still extant some pieces of this character, containing old allusions, regrets and legends, which are scarce understood by those who deliver them. It is worthy of note that the so-called national melodies of Ireland, which are accepted as expositions of Irish life and character, are, as far as the letter-press is concerned, as unlike reality, as unsympathetic with Irish feeling, as the Irish stage heroes of Mr. Boucicault are to the Wicklow or Tipperary farmers. They are never heard out of the drawing-room or middle-class junketings; the people know absolutely nothing about them, and would not care for them if they did. Moore's butterfly and flagree fancies would be quite unintelligible to the Irish peasant, although he might recognize some of the music, which has been clipped and trimmed, and often spoiled, to make a cage for Thomas Little's humming-birds. Moore's Melodies are as Irish as his Oriental poems are Oriental, and are glittering with fatal prettinesses and conceits which give them a perfumed, mincing, and artificial air which renders the association between his verses and the music an alliance so incongruous that its perpetration is rather a scandal than a compliment. Again, the poets of the *Nation* or the *Irishman*, whose literary craft and tone is as completely Anglican as if they resided in London, never seemed to have studied the art of giving form, in a candid and characteristic manner, to the native humours and peculiar aspirations of their countrymen. For example, they never address them in that brogue and broken English which contains as many bright and passionate phrases as the Scotch used by Burns. Lover, Ferguson, Dr. Anster, D. F. McCarthy, "Speranza," and several contemporary contributors to the

Dublin national press, have written ballads and versified legends of unusual spirit and feeling; but not a line of theirs is to be found in the farmhouses or cabins of the peasantry, where the "Colleen Rhuc," "Molly Asthore," or the "Shan Van Voght" are familiar names. The only political street ballads of current interest that I could pick up were cautiously and obscurely worded, except, perhaps, "The Green Hills of Holy Old Ireland," which I imagine must never have been sung within earshot of a policeman:—

"Oh give me a rifle and away I will go
To the green hills of holy old Ireland,
Her freedom to win and to close with the foe
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.
For a soldier am I of Dame Nature's own mould,
Like my father, a rebel, fast, fiery, and bold,
And a rebel I'll be till in death I lie cold
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.

"Oh give me a pike with a shaft long and straight,
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,
Like those that my grandfathers bore in '98
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.
For vengeance and Erin with vigour and zest,
In the work that's to free this fair Isle of the West,
'Twill oft find a sheath in the proud foeman's breast,
On the green hills of holy old Ireland!

"Oh give me a tribute of some silent tear
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,
When the freedom we won has brought plenty and cheer
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,
Where the Sun-burst shall wave as the flag of the free,
Like the proud stars and stripes on the mighty blue sea,
And a newly-made nation a grave gives to me
On the green hills of holy old Ireland!"

The execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien at Manchester in 1867, was the occasion of a series of ballads, to which there are constant additions. The broad-sheets are usually ornamented with a margin of black, and with a blurred illustration of a cross. "A New Song sympathizing with the Fenian Exiles" is introduced with a warning prologue, touching the advisability of being on the watch for spies, and is probably intended as a hint to the crowd in the vicinity of the performer, that they should give him notice if they observed a suspicious and unsympathizing listener amongst the audience:—

"My Irish friends, come rally round
To those few verses I'll expound,
About the way that we have found
To keep ourselves from danger.
The mouth that's shut will catch no flies;
Beware of greedy Castle spies;
We just cause have to sympathize
With dogs kept in a manger."

A few, very few, lyrics are devoted to the memory of O'Connell. I find none relative to the Mitchell and Meagher rebellion of '48. The people seem to have a much more distinct recollection of '98 although it must be now traditional. The rebellion of '98 was a rebellion in the overt sense of the word. It stirred the country from end to end, and was felt vertically through every social stratum. The attempt at insurrection in '48, and the more recent outbreaks of disaffection, were confined to limited political sections, and were unmarked by any notable enterprises, or by any striking severities on the part of the executive, such as would have developed those wails of anguish and rage which were drawn from the Irish people by the truculent vigour of the Government when the penal laws were in force. The leaders of the '48 movement were more industrious as poets and orators than as rebels, but their verses and speeches were in reality of English texture, and as much literary exercises as Macaulay's Lays of Rome, or Aytoun's Lays of the Cavaliers. The people—the peasantry—are as unacquainted with the ballads of Thomas Davis as they are with the poems of Alfred Tennyson. I could only make out a single ballad, manfully and confessedly the composition of a gentleman who was imprisoned for treason-felony, and who has since been released. The subject of the poem relates to the misfortunes of an Irish soldier in the British army; and it enforces with no little ingenuity and point the moral that an Irishman should never enlist in the British service. "Patrick Sheehan" returns from the wars a blind pauper:—

"A poor neglected mendicant I wander through
the street,
My nine months' pension being out—I beg
from all I meet.
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I
ne'er will show
Among the kind old neighbours in the Glen
of A-herlow.

"Then, Irish youths, dear countrymen, take
heed of what I say.
For if you join the English ranks you'll
surely rue the day;

And whenever you are tempted a soldiering
to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan or the Glen
of A-herlow ! ”

The land question formed the motive of many suggestive lyrics ; but the most telling and effective were sung, not published. The propagandists of the serviceable agitation were discreet enough not to compromise their cause by inviting the alliance of the minstrels who chanted the praises of “ Rory of the Hill.” I have been informed however, that in several Tipperary market towns short methods with landlords have been not unfrequently expressed in an operative style. This, at any rate, is mild enough : —

“ Ye landlords, now on you I call,
Attend unto this statement :
With your tenantry at once agree,
And give them an abatement !
Our gracious Queen will sign the Bill
When she hears about the movement,
And likewise say landlords must pay
For every improvement !

“ The hand of God that holds the rod
Is sure, but may be tedious;
His holy will it must be done,
And stand throughout all ages.
The poison-blast, thank God, is passed,
The hurricane is over;
All tyrant landlords must consent,
Or fly into Hanover ! ”

Polemical topics are not popular as a rule with the ballad minstrels. Years ago there was a famous controversial duel between a priest and a parson in Dublin, respectively named Pope and Maguire ; and the details of the encounter with casuistical single-sticks or shillelaghs were dwelt upon with unction and perseverance by the street bards. The memory of the engagement has now apparently passed off, but a small triumph of mixed proselytism and romance has been celebrated in “ A New Song, called the Lady’s Conversion to Catholicity.” The lady argues for the doctrines of her Church against her lover, who gets the best of the dispute in the end. She surrenders in the following terms : —

“ She says, my dearest Johnny, if all you say
be true,
I see it would be folly not to go so far with
you.
I’ll forsake my religion, though my friends
will me disown,
While I live I’ll be contented, and die in the
Church of Rome.

“ This couple they got married, and may they
have success.

Unknown to friends or parents, they do one
creed profess.

Altho’ she was hard-hearted, at length she
did resign,

And now she is converted — which was not
her design.”

“ A sorrowful Lamentation on George
Henry Moore ” runs thus : —

“ Now, you gods and goddesses,
Assist my slender quill;
Likewise, ye gentle Muses,
These lines for to fulfil.
It is of a worthy gentleman
I sing and deep deplore,
His name is George Henry Moore,
A true member for Mayo.”

The Irish disposition to treat death with levity comes, I believe, in a great degree from a sort of nervous reaction. There are few people who have a more profound consciousness of the unsightliness of mere physical decay, and in some ballads I have come across expressions of this feeling of a terrible and even revolting intensity. The writers of these dismal chants dwell with the unction of Monk Lewis upon charnel objects and incidents. Effusions of this character are mostly composed and sung in the Irish language. One of an inoffensive kind, “ O’Reilly’s Penance,” has been translated literally, and is indeed a very odd and striking production. It opens with a reference to the “ death of the bolster,” i.e. death in a sick bed, which has to be undergone, and then ensues a quaint looking back as it were of the spirit at the tenement it has abandoned.

“ When my corpse will be laid on a table along
the room,
With a white shroud on me down to my feet,
My lawful wife by me, and she crying bitterly,
And my dear loving children making their
moans,
The night of my wake there will be pipes
and tobacco cut,
Snuff on a plate on a table for fashion’s sake,
Mould candles in rows like torches, watching
me,
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of the
day.

“ It’s the green table (the grave) we face most
bashfully,
Where our good and bad actions are tried
aright.
Our Saviour, so glorious, will then come
forward,
Like beams of the sun, and dressed all in
white,

With His gold arm-chair and His table of silver,
Far brighter than amber, our souls to delight.
Then all wicked creatures will be shaking
and shivering,
For hell will be open ready to swallow them.

"The great accounting day will be on Mount Calvary.
On Monday morning at a trembling hour,
The trumpet will sound to awake our slumbers,
All at the age of thirty-three years old.
The blazing planets will fall from the firmaments,
The earth will be shaken with earthquakes and whirlwinds,
But small numbers are branded to stand on the right."

As a rule, religious topics, or matters connected with them, are not made the subjects of the popular ballads. The only exception to the practice is to be observed in association with the Pope and his political troubles. His Holiness is to depend for the restoration of the provinces he has lost upon Marshal MacMahon.

"The Christian faith by great Saint Patrick
To us was preached in days of yore,
The cross he planted to be our standard,
Under which we'll die for the Church of Rome.
Our Holy Father, Christ's vicar, told us
That the Church of Rome cannot be defied,
For the hand of God it is her protection,
And MacMahon brave will our Pope reinstate."

Garibaldi is an object of supreme dislike and execration to the Irish peasantry. The general impression about him is that he is a renegade Roman Catholic, and an assassin and blasphemer by trade. When he lost favour with the Italian Government, the Irish street minstrel seized the opportunity at once, and came out with "The Downfall of Garibaldi:"—

"You Roman Catholics, now attend
Unto these verses I have penned;
It's joyful news, you may depend,
Concerning Garibaldi!"

"This traitor he is caught at last,
And into prison he is cast:
He'll surely pay for what is past,
The villain Garibaldi!"

CHORUS.

"Let us rejoice, both one and all,
From Kerry unto Donegal,
While I relate the sad downfall,
Of General Garibaldi!"

"In deeds of blood he took delight,
He thought too long he had been quiet;
I think the Pope I'll put to flight,
Said General Garibaldi!"

"With this design, as you may see,
Sardinia's King would not agree;
Proclaimed a rebel for to be
Was General Garibaldi!"

"The knave resolved to have his way,
The King's command would not obey,
And then, without much more delay,
He fought against Sardinia!"

"The battle raged with sword and gun,
There he was wounded with his son,
We hear his glass is nearly run.
Alas! poor Garibaldi!"

"Now, of his wounds if he should die,
We'll dress in black, you may rely,
And rub an onion to each eye,
As we weep for Garibaldi!"

The side taken by the Irish people with reference to the late war has been consistently French, and the peasantry would not believe in the disasters of the nation, which they always regarded as in possession of an invincible army. The Germans are hated. Martin Luther was a German, and the Hessian troops imported into Ireland in '98 committed excesses, the recollection of which has been preserved in a proverb. The finer lines of politics are not considered in the matter at all; the Irish hold to their sympathies with, and admiration for, the French, through good report and evil report, never wavering in faith, hoping against hope, reading victories backwards in the most loyal adhesion to their sentimental attachment. The prowess of Sarsfield's brigade, the names of MacMahon, O'Reilly, Kavanagh, and Dillon, in the French service; the weak and probably dishonest efforts at invasion of Ireland by Napoleon; the French aid to the Irish during the famine; the influence of the St. Omer-trained priests, who have almost now died off, but whose culture and manners were thoroughly appreciated by their flocks,—these circumstances, taken together, will assist the reader in estimating the measure of partisan feeling for France which exists in Ireland. The failure of MacMahon was felt almost as profoundly in Dublin amongst certain classes as it was in Paris. The number of pieces of occasion on the war, and their singular confusion of facts, would defy classification. The minstrels usually descend into the theological drift at the close of their performances.

"If other Powers don't give them aid,
I'm sure the French are not afraid;
We wish them well — may they succeed,
For they believe the Roman Creed!

"And now to end my warlike theme,
The French and Irish are the same;
And for their welfare now we hope,
Because they love the present Pope! "

Prize-fighting has never flourished in Ireland. An Irishman is never mercenary where hard hitting is concerned, and the system and organization of the Ring is virtually unknown in the island. The transplanted Irishman, however, occasionally distinguishes himself in the profession of slogging, and his foreign reputation is at once seized upon in his native country as a fact to be proud of from a national and patriotic rather than from a P. R. aspect. Tradition and ballads inform us of a tremendous set-to on the Curragh of Kildare, between Cooper of England and Donnelly of Ireland, when Donnelly won the victory and the heart of a countess who saw him fight. The giant Baldwin, or O'Baldwin, who two years ago was, from stress of police and the unaccommodating disposition of railway directors, unable to bring off his tussle for the belt in London, paid a visit to Ireland, where he met with a warm reception from the peasantry of his natal parish, and a local poet laid the following tribute of rhymes at his feet: —

"You lovers all of manly art and self defence,
attend
The praises of a hero brave that lately I have
penned.
His name is Edward Baldwin, from the town
of sweet Lismore;
He now has challenged England for 1,000l.
and more.

"Now, to conclude and finish, and end my
fighting-song,
Let us drink unto brave Baldwin and Dan
Donnelly that's gone;
For so true and brave two Irishmen ne'er
fought on British shore,
Not forgetting brave John Morrissey, a native
of Templemore."

The dog-tax has inspired a bard to protest against it in the following fashion: —

"You dog-fanciers of Ireland of every degree
sir,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto
me, sir,
It's about the dogs I'm going to sing, — don't
think that I am larking,
You must all pay two-and-sixpence if you
keep a dog for barking.
With your bow-wow-wow."

During the siege of Paris, the street minstrels continued to prophesy victory for the French, and defeat to the Prussians constantly.

"They think to conquer Paris, but its walls
are very strong,
Brave Trochu and his army will die there to
a man;
He's sworn that the Crown Prince and his
army he will defeat,
And what won't die outside the walls will fall
in the retreat."

"A new Song on the Recapture of Orleans by the French," by John O'Callaghan, had a great run of popularity last year. The chorus, "Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea," is not easily translatable; it signifies literally "leave things as they are," but it has an aside meaning implying a threat and punishment.

"War to the knife now in France is the cry;
Onward to glory, to conquer, or die.
The Prussians and Germans in turn do fly,
I'm told they are falling in swarms;
I think they had better get ready in time,
And make no delay, but run back to the
Rhine,
For as sure as the sun in the heavens do
shine,
They'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea.

"Here's a health to the French, who were
never afraid,
And that fortune may learn the young Irish
brigade.
My curse on the blackguards who basely be-
trayed
The soldiers of France and its people.
When the Prussians are beaten and peace is
proclaimed,
The Sardinian devil the Frenchmen will tame,
To imprison the Pope shure he thought it no
shame,
He'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea."

It will be understood that all the extracts in the foregoing pages are strictly taken from the common street ballads. They may serve to give the English reader a novel insight into certain obscure phases of Irish humour and sentiment. The airs to which the verses are sung are almost invariably in minor keys, and are often, I suspect, the inspirations of a moment especially when the ballad is bran-new and unattached by tradition to a popular melody. The singer walks slowly along while performing the ditty, and offers copies for sale without interrupting his chant. A crowd strolls after him, and for one who comes to buy, twenty stay to listen. You might safely purchase the entire contents of the minstrel's portfolio or wallet with-

out finding a single verse of a coarse description. The good time for the bard is the season of the contested election. He is then regularly retained and has his selected opponent, with whom he may probably attempt conclusions in the style of the pipers in the "Fair Maid of Perth." These election lyrics are ferocious and eloquent in denunciation, to a degree that often verges on what might be termed the poetry of unlimited abuse; but the street minstrel is decidedly most amusing when he treats of sporting, religion, war, love, and politics in the original fashion which the reader has just had an opportunity of inspecting.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE BUDDHIST HTEE.

RANGOON, Nov. 1.

THE Htee has arrived at Rangoon at last. It is accompanied by a Minister of State, a Minister of Public Works, a treasurer, and a commissariat officer, and somewhat fewer than a hundred followers. At every station on the river Irrawaddy, at which it halted on its way from Mandalay to Rangoon, the people came in crowds to prostrate themselves before it, and perform the act of worship known as shekko. In Ava territory they also brought presents of flowers, gold, and jewels; but these demonstrations were chiefly confined to the dominions of his Majesty the King of Ava. True piety, according to Buddhist ideas, is dying out in British Burmah, much to the regret of the old Woondonk, or Minister of State; and while the people are willing to offer flowers, they are not so generally moved to give money.

Htee literally means "umbrella;" and, according to Oriental ideas, the umbrella is the emblem of royalty. In Burmah it is placed on the summit of every pagoda; but in that case it is shaped more like a bell than an umbrella. Why the King has sent the present Htee to Rangoon, and why it has caused some excitement, should be explained.

Some four-and-twenty centuries ago there lived a great rajah, who reigned in Hindustan over a rich territory between Oude and Bengal, then known as Magadha. This rajah had a son named Sakya. The young prince was bred in every luxury. He was married to a beautiful young princess, by whom he had a fair son; but the loveliest daughters of the nobles were proud to dance and sing before him

and become his concubines. On one memorable night he was seized with satiety. He had been alarmed at the sight of a corpse, an old man, and a leper. In the evening he had fallen asleep at the banquet, while the damsels of the Court were dancing before him. He awoke amid all the disorders of a drunken feast, and gazed around him with disgust. In a moment he became conscious of the worthlessness of such pleasures; and, leaving his palace, his wife, his child, and his zenana, he fled to the jungle. Henceforth, he led the life of a religious mendicant, and his preaching attracted vast crowds. At this period it was the belief throughout Asia that the soul was immortal; that animal existence was immortal; that the soul simply passed after death into the body of some other man or animal, higher or lower, according to its merits or demerits in a former life or lives. The royal mendicant preached that this succession of lives was a series of miseries, and that man could only escape at once into the repose known as nirvana by becoming a monk, crushing out all his passions, and living the life of a mendicant upon such food as the people chose to give him. This prince is now known as Sakya Muni, or Gotama Buddha. He is the apostle of modern Buddhism. Among other disciples some merchants from Burmah eagerly accepted his religion. In return he gave them eight of his hairs, which they carried as sacred relics to Rangoon and buried in the hill on which the great Shwé Dagon Pagoda now stands. This pagoda is famous throughout the world of Buddhism. The first thing which strikes the visitor on landing at Rangoon is its golden dome.

In what age this pagoda was built, with its long cloistered entrance covered with pictures of the adventures of Buddha in his endless transmigrations, and its surrounding chapels with huge statues of Gotama, is a question that defies the zeal of the most enthusiastic Pali antiquarian. In all probability it is a growth, like the great temple of Vulcan at Memphis. King after king of the old Taline dynasty of Pegu no doubt gave something in turn — either a great statue of Gotama, or a big bell, or a new Htee; or some portion of the edifice was built, repaired, painted, or gilded; according to circumstances. The last time a new Htee was put up is said to have been about a century ago, in the reign of Alompra, the founder of the present dynasty of the kings of Ava, or perhaps by one of his immediate succes-

sors. And when it was announced last year that the present King of Ava proposed sending a new Htee from Mandalay, a strange excitement spread among the people, and the wildest rumours ran through British Burmah like wild fire; so some delay occurred in sending down the Htee. But the excitement passed away, and the Htee has at last been brought down the river from Mandalay, and landed at Rangoon without the slightest disturbance.

It is a round framework tower of seven different terraces, each one of diminished diameter as it approaches the top. Above all is the umbrella ornament surmounted by a metal flag of gold and jewels. The various sections of the tower are made of iron bands covered with thin gold plating. The interlacings of the bands are covered with gold plates set with jewels, while at several corners streamers of talc and other nondescript ornaments float in the air. The golden flag which is to be fixed on the summit is studded with some really valuable rubies, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, some of which were contributed by the queens. The height of the Htee is thirty-five feet.

Nothing can be done in Burmah without the greatest possible ceremony. So on Monday the Chief Commissioner received a visit from the officials who accompanied the Htee. One of the wings of Government House forms a durbar hall, which is intended for such receptions. The officials appeared in Court costume, plain white jackets, with an indescribable nether garment, something between a pair of trousers and a petticoat, made of rich coloured silk. Those of the highest rank wore the Burmese order of the Tsalway over their breasts and shoulders, consisting of golden plates hanging together by golden chains. Of course there were also present the Chief Commissioner and his secretaries, the Commissioner of Pegu, the inspector-general of police, and other notables. After the proper amount of conversation the reception broke up, and the Burmese gentleman adjourned to Government House, where they were entertained with tea, and gratified by the sight of curiosities, Indian and European. The oldest man of the party, the Minister of State, must have been nearly seventy years of age. He was very talkative, intensely official, and yet very anxious to please the Chief Commissioner, but the world had turned round since he was young. His last visit to Rangoon was in 1840, when Pegu still belonged to Ava,

and Rangoon was a wretched Burmese seaport seated in a swamp. Then he had accompanied the late King Tharawaddi, who had marched to Rangoon at the head of forty thousand ragamuffins with the laudable object of driving the English out of Tenasserim, and then conquering British India.

But to return to the Htee. The reason for this official recognition requires some explanation. The placing of the Htee on the pagoda, although in some respects a religious ceremony, is yet invested in Burmah with peculiar political significance. It is supposed to be the prerogative of the ruling power. The advisers of the King were astute enough to perceive that if they could only induce the British Government to permit the pagoda to be crowned by his Majesty of Ava, much would be done towards keeping up his prestige in British Burmah. Hopeless as it may appear, it is yet the chief aspiration of the present King to recover Pegu. There is a sort of prophecy that the pagoda shall be crowned only by the ruling power. Therefore to have let the people of British Burmah see their pagoda crowned by the King would have gone far to persuade them that his Majesty still possessed paramount authority in British territory. This was the main cause of the excitement which prevailed during the past year. People who had amassed money under British rule began to bury it secretly with fear and trembling; while those who had assisted our Government looked with dread upon the possible contingency of the King's power returning to Rangoon. On the other hand, all the intriguers and malcontents including native officials, who had been dismissed for bad conduct, and robber chiefs who were unable to exercise their calling under British rule, did their utmost to keep up the idea that the native government was to be restored to Pegu. Indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate the state of unsettlement and alarm which existed for the eighteen months during which the preparation of the new Htee has been going on. Under these circumstances, it became necessary to thwart this little intrigue. Accordingly, the King was informed that, though his offering to the Shwé Dagon Pagoda would be allowed to come down to Rangoon, it could not be placed on the pagoda in his name, but would be received and made over to a committee of the Buddhist elders there for the purpose of being elevated to its destined position. This difficulty was

arranged by the Political Agent, Captain St rover, at Mandalay, with considerable tact.

Friday and Saturday, the 27th and 28th of October, were the great days of festival. People from all the country round about had been crowding into Rangoon some days before, to shekko before the Htee, and to go to the pagoda in grand procession. Yellow-robed phoon-gyees, with shaven heads; Burmese nymphs in white jackets and bright silken petticoats, with their glossy hair decked with flowers; young gallants with head-dresses of silk handkerchiefs stuck knowingly on one side; people of all ages and both sexes, nearly all smoking, not exclusive of boys and girls of tender years — there they were as happy as they could reasonably be. Saturday was the great day of the ceremony; the day when the Htee was to be carried from its temporary lodging on the river strand to the great pagoda, about two miles distant. This road was covered with white cloths, and from early morning girls and matrons were to be seen going out in their best clothes, with silver jars on their heads, scattering flowers and perfumes over the road and over the pagoda hill. From eight or nine o'clock in the morning people thronged the roadway. Amongst these people were doubtless many roughs and bad characters, but so orderly were they all that not a drunken man was to be seen; nor did any foot, save perhaps that of a dog or a child, venture to tread upon the white cloths. About nine o'clock the procession began to move slowly towards the pagoda, with frequent halts for music, dancing, and other performances. Every available house on the line was crowded, and the Chief Commissioner, Mr Ashley Eden, entertained a large company at one of the best positions in the neighbourhood of the pagoda. But whilst every one was orderly, every one was joyous. The young men danced gaily as they went along the road. Flags and indescribable streamers of all kinds, and all of them pretty and graceful, floated in the air. There was a great clangour of music, and songs were chanted on all sides by companies of singers and dancers. Not till noon did the procession make its appearance at the house occupied by the Chief Commissioner and his party; but it may be remarked that, unlike Asiatic processions generally, the most exact time was kept from its commencement to its close. Each of the seven portions that compose the Htee had its own group of singers and dancers, and

was carried at intervals with banners and tall white umbrellas sparkling in the sunshine. The sight was splendid. The upper portions of the Htee were bright with pictures and golden ornaments; while the seven terraces, each like a vast golden circular basket, three or four feet in height, sparkled with gold and jewels. Everywhere people danced and shouted; and in some of the larger pieces of the tower four boys were placed, to represent the gods of the four quarters of the universe, who were supposed to exult in the passage of the Htee. But heavy as were these great pieces of framework, none were drawn along on wheels, but all were borne by the people themselves — one piece alone needing two hundred men and women to carry it. Long bamboos were placed beneath each piece in every direction, and crowds flocked to support the bamboos and their golden burden.

Meantime, while the procession was gaily moving over the white road, the bands or choruses of singers, each of them representing some particular village or some quarter of Rangoon, carried on their several performances; and each in turn left the road for the compound of the house in which the Chief Commissioner and his party were staying, and performed under the portico. These companies consisted of some twenty-five or thirty young men each, all of whom wore a peculiar uniform. Thus one party had white jackets and red nether garments, with white handkerchiefs on their heads. Another wore yellow silk handkerchiefs on their heads. Another wore red or pink silk handkerchiefs. Some wore figured blue silk handkerchiefs, and another party wore orange silk handkerchiefs. Some were arrayed in white gowns with silver edgings, having a large necklace of beads round their throats and hanging down their backs. Each band had its leader, who commenced the chant, and led the swaying to and fro of arms and legs, and other postures which make up these strange performances. In one instance the band represented what was supposed to be life on board the steamer, and the dance took the form of making sail, looking through telescopes, paddling, and other curious mimics. At first all this was entertaining enough; but after a few hours the European eye and ear became wearied with the measured movements and incessant chanting and jingling. About three o'clock the whole pageant had passed away to the pagoda; and by evening time Rangoon was silent and

tranquil, reposing in light of the full moon. Thus the great sight of a century passed away among one of the most excitable populations in Asia without the least disturbance. Some praise is therefore due to the Chief Commissioner for the political tact displayed throughout; and to Major Duncan, the inspector-general of police, to whom was committed the duty of making all the necessary arrangements.

J. T. W.

From The Spectator.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY IN AMERICA.

RUSSIAN Diplomacy, that bugbear of Western Europe, does not appear to have been very successful in America. For some years past the Foreign Office of St. Petersburg has made it one of its objects to conciliate the Government of the United States. American diplomatists have been received in St. Petersburg with exceptional cordiality, allowed to break through many rules of etiquette, and assured on every occasion that the Czar entertained a special feeling of amity for the great Republic. During the war the Russian Court sympathized openly with the North, and allowed its servants to hint that American events had a great influence in inducing the Emperor Alexander to publish his decrees of emancipation. The sale of Russian America to the Union was a breach of all Muscovite traditions, and was intended to conciliate, by a conspicuous exhibition of deference to the claim of the Union to rule the entire Continent, the deepest pride of the American people. It was hinted that, in the event of a quarrel with Great Britain, Washington might find an ally in Russia, and the Continental *gobemouches* were never tired of predicting that Russia would one day seize India by aid of an American alliance. It is doubtful whether the Russian Court has ever considered a plan so vast and so uncertain, but it is certain that it greatly desired to maintain intimate relations with the Republic, and to keep up the irritation which it supposed to exist between Washington and St. James's. On the other hand, the American people were not indisposed to welcome Russian advances with a demonstrative warmth. They were angry with France for her Mexican policy, and with Great Britain for her Southern sympathies; they were gratified by the course taken by Czar Alexander during the Civil War, and their special intellect-

ual foible, their admiration for the grandiose, was somehow touched by reflections on the *bigness* of the Russian dominion. They were quite ready to be friends, and especially ready to use the alliance as a far-off menace to the power which, as they thought, was refusing them justice. And yet, with all these advantages in their favour, the Russian Ministers failed, failed egregiously, failed in the way in which of all others it was improbable they would fail. The astute Foreign Minister selected an agent who almost from the first made himself unacceptable to the American President, allowed this agent to assail the head of a Government whose favour he was soliciting, and after he had become aware that M. Catacazy was an object of bitter dislike to General Grant, ordered him to present the Grand Duke Alexis at the White House, and so spoiled an act of unusual international courtesy, Grand Dukes usually travelling under some thin disguise. M. Catacazy may have much to say in his own defence, for as yet we have only Mr. Fish's story; but, nothing he can bring forward can disprove the fact evident from Mr. Fish's own letter, that he was a most unsuccessful Ambassador; that he misunderstood the character of the American Government, and misconceived the temper of the American people. It is not difficult to understand the origin of his blunders, though it is difficult to understand why Prince Gortschakoff should have made such an error in the selection of his agent. M. Catacazy, a Greek by birth, is evidently a man accustomed to despotic Courts and Southern society, to think individuals all-important, to gather "opinion" from the talk of society, and to believe intrigue the most available weapon of diplomacy. Hearing incessant denunciations of England from those around him, he fancied that Americans really desired to keep up a quarrel with that country; that they would dislike a settlement of all differences even on their own terms, and would repudiate a President who proposed one. He could not perceive the broader and deeper national sentiment that war with England would be a dreadful war, almost a civil war, a calamity to be avoided at any sacrifice, except that of national honour. Being told every day, again, that "the people" were above Presidents, and reading every day fierce attacks on General Grant, he imagined that an appeal lay in some way from the President to the people, and forgot the broader truth that in all serious foreign affairs the American people follows and does not

lead its Government; that, for instance, a wave of the President's hand instantly changed the first ill-judged resolution of the masses in the Mason and Slidell affair. He consequently attempted, as we understand Mr. Fish's narrative, to interest the people against the President, just as in Constantinople he would have endeavoured to set off one Pacha against another, and we doubt not was greatly surprised to find how futile were all his efforts, how utterly uncontrolled the American "Government," that is, the President when supported by the Senate, is in its foreign policy. His own recall was demanded on other grounds than his intrigues against England, grounds which affect his personal character, and can hardly be fairly discussed till his reply has been published and the whole facts made known, but his failure as a diplomatist in Washington is self-evident. The most astute government in the world has failed in one object on which its heart was set, and failed because among other reasons it selected an agent specially ill adapted to deal with the special situation. Our Foreign Office, which is not supposed to be excessively astute, and is often accused of knowing nothing that it ought to know, has never been so badly served as this.

We do not, of course, mean to say that even if M. Catacazy had been a Bismarck, he could have succeeded in securing for his country an alliance with the Union available as against England. The bonds which bind this country to America are too strong to be severed by any trick of diplomacy, and Russia had nothing to offer in return for aid which in any serious contingency would have involved a war. Russia could not prevent the Canadians from defending themselves or us from sweeping American commerce off the ocean, while the only serious diversion she could create would be a movement with which Americans do not sympathize. Russia must attack us through India, and in India the Americans are definitely on our side. One of the very few points upon which Americans heartily sympathize with us,

without *arrière pensée* or secret jealousy, is our government of India—as witness O. W. Holmes' remarks on the Mutiny, and the tone of Bayard Taylor's travels in India—and it is not difficult to understand why this is so. The opinion of the New Englanders is, in the long run, the governing opinion of America, and the opinion of the New Englanders on India is formed mainly by Missionaries, whose letters are the delight of thousands of quiet villages where Indian affairs might be supposed to be unknown. As a rule—indeed we know of no exception—these Missionaries are friendly to British rule, which protects them as vigilantly as Englishmen, which secures them unlimited freedom for their teaching, and which treats them invariably with personal respect as men who, up to their lights, are doing good at the sacrifice of personal ease. They would object to the rule of a power devoted to the Greek Church almost as strongly as Englishmen, and it is by them that in any collision between England and Russia on Indian frontiers the sympathies of the American public would be guided. While, therefore, America has no material advantage to obtain from a Russian alliance, her sentimental interests would be somewhat strongly pronounced against one, at the very moment when her friendship might be most valuable to St. Petersburg. M. Catacazy could not have altered these conditions by any exhibition of tact or any skill, but he might, had he been abler, have contrived to keep open the sore, to marshal a party in the Senate favourable to delay, to neutralize much of the friendliness inspired by Earl de Grey's exertions, and so to have kept the Alabama difficulty suspended over our heads until, at all events, affairs in France had settled themselves a little more, and Russia could have turned to another and very powerful ally. That he did not succeed even in this may be due in the main to uncontrollable circumstances, but is certainly no proof of the marvellous statecraft we are all of us apt occasionally to attribute to St. Petersburg.

QUEEN MATILDA's celebrated tapestry at Bayeux is to be reproduced in lithography in time for next year's International Exhibition. The Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education sanctioned an application to the municipal authorities at Bayeux, who gave every facility to Mr. Cundall, to whom the work is

entrusted. The reproduction will be half the size of the tapestry, sufficiently large to show every thread and every mending of this "sampler" of the eleventh century, and a few copies will be printed of the full size, 218 feet long, 19 inches high, and coloured in *fac simile* of the original.—*Lithographer.*